American West

The land and its people

November/December 1982 $3

Cowboys, cow ponies, and cow country
by Alvin Josephy and William Allard
Artist Maynard Dixon *by Edith Hamlin*
Grisly Canyon trek *by David Lavender*
Chilean poet Pablo Neruda in the West

Mollring
GALLERY

Calendar of Events

November 17, 1982 Charles Loloma

One-Man Show of Contemporary Indian Jewelry

December 1, 1982 Viva i Venezia!

Western American artists Jack Hines and Jessica Zemsky continue a love affair with Europe. The product of this affection is their second European Watercolor Show concentrating on "Nostro Impressione Di Venezia (Our Impressions of Venice)."

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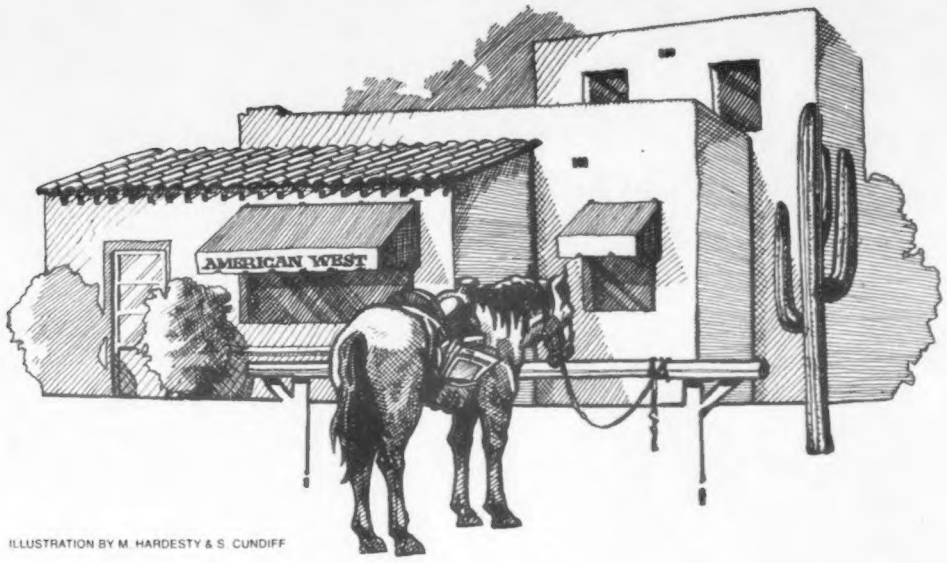


ILLUSTRATION BY M. HARDESTY & S. CUNDIFF

To: Our Complimentary Copy Folks

As 1982 comes to a close, we at AMERICAN WEST are evaluating the past year, and as always setting our sights on the future. This past year proved to be the best yet in our 19 years of publishing. Our circulation grew from 75,000 to 100,000 paid subscribers, and over 120 new advertisers graced our pages. Due to the tremendous growth of our advertisers, we opened a National Sales Office in New York City and expanded our sales staff here in Tucson.

1983 looks even more promising. During the next year we are going to do and offer more to our advertisers than ever before: More custom tailored services, more marketing information, and most importantly...more responsive AMERICAN WEST readers.

Our Readers, The Facts

We want you to know our subscribers and just why they are such important prospects for your company. That's why we hired one of the industry's leading independent research companies to conduct a survey about our readers. The Mark Clements Research Company of New York is a prestigious, 20-year-old demographic research firm, that has conducted similar in-depth studies for such publications as *Glamour, Field and Stream, GQ, Ladies Home Journal, MS, Museum* and *Vogue.*

The extensive survey they began for us in June is now complete. Highlights revealed in this intriguing study of the AMERICAN WEST reader include: $43,070 is their average income; 50.6 is their average age; 60% are male; 65% are college educated; and 80% have vacationed in the past year. We were pleased that 72.3% indicated that they have read the last 4 out of 4 issues, spending an average hour and 23 minutes with each issue.

This comprehensive report will tell you where our readers live, how they earn their income—and where they spend it. You will learn where they travel, how they get there, plus their use of credit cards and traveler's checks. Also, their preference in art, antiques, alcoholic beverages, literature, what

they collect and their choices in recreational activites.

AMERICAN WEST doesn't give you only promises; we give you the facts. Details from this pertinent marketing report are now available through your sales representative.

FREE Marketing Tool

In 1983 AMERICAN WEST will introduce a series of reader inquiry cards for our art and travel advertisers specifically designed to boost response to your advertisement. The cards, which will appear in specific issues, will be accompanied by a page describing your product or service. The cards are an excellent opportunity to offer a brochure or catalog to AMERICAN WEST readers, or to add their names to your mailing list for future shows or sales. Once a week the responses will be processed through our clearinghouse, and the names will be forwarded to you on mailing labels.

What's important is that this service does not cost you a dime! This proven, valuable marketing tool will be made available to AMERICAN WEST advertisers absolutely FREE.

New Circulation

Effective with the 1983 January/February issue, AMERICAN WEST will deliver your message to 15% more subscribers. Our paid circulation will increase by 15,000, bringing our circulation rate base up to 115,000. With our survey-indicated 2.81 readers per issue, this means that in the coming year your advertisement will now be seen by a total audience of 323,000 AMERICAN WEST readers (76% are concentrated in the West).

Sales Staff

To accommodate our every-increasing market on the East coast, we are proud to announce the addition of a new sales representative. C. John Arnold has joined our staff as AMERICAN WEST's Travel Advertising Manager. He can be reached at (203) 869-5343, or by writing to him at 80 Mason Street, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

Space reservations for our 1983 January/February issue close on November 10, 1982. This is your opportunity to reach more AMERICAN WEST subscribers than ever before and, for the gallery advertisers, the additional marketing bonus of being included on our first art reader inquiry card. Contact your sales representative today.

Enough said. Enjoy AMERICAN WEST.

frogg

by

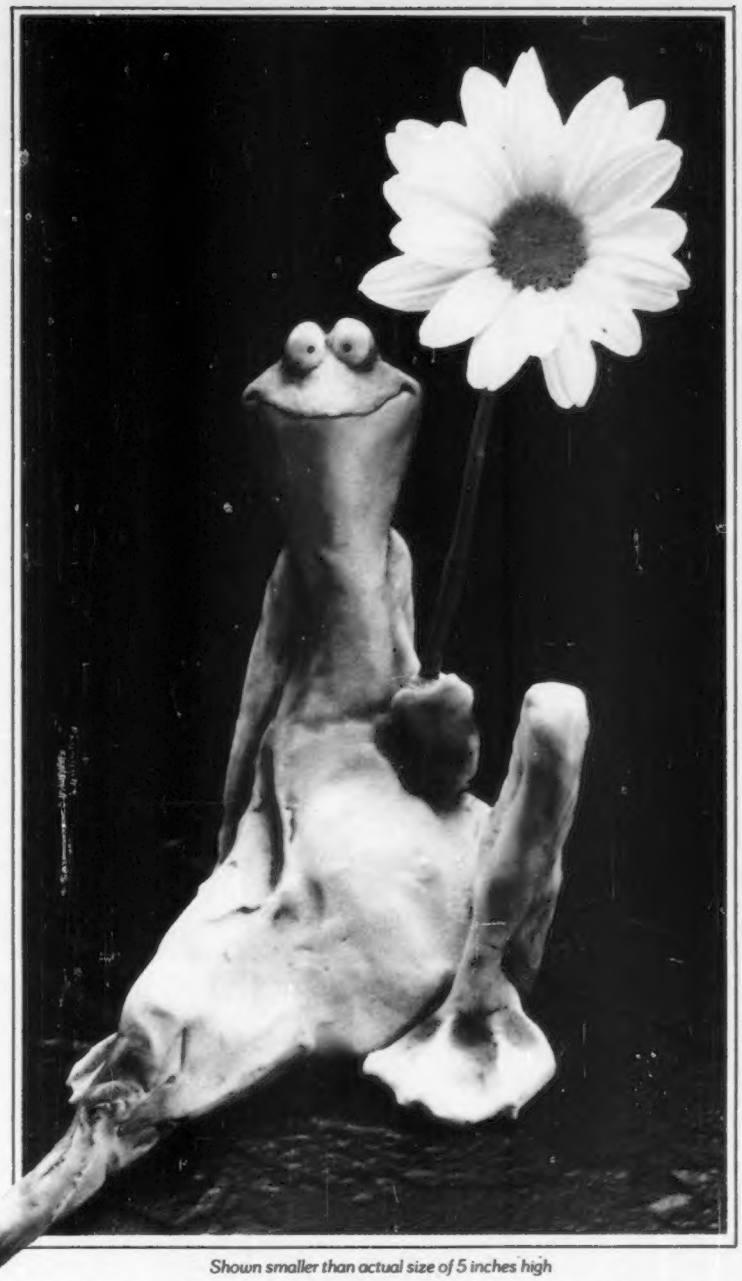
Jessica DeStefano

A whimsical, wonderful new work of art in fine porcelain by one of America's most gifted sculptors.

To brighten your every day and delight your family and guests, a magical Frogg holds your favorite fresh or silk flower which you can change as often as you wish.

He's the creation of Jessica DeStefano whose museum and gallery pieces have been hailed as "brilliant" by notable critics coast to coast. Much of her success is the result of a fresh outlook combined with a highly refined skill.

"I don't believe all art should be reserved for complex social or philosophical statements. The frogg has many magical meanings handed down through myth and legend. In creating him as I have, he extends a simple invitation into a world where frogs smile, hold flowers, and fantasies come true."



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Frogg is individually hand cast in fine bisque porcelain and will be impressed with the hallmark of The Historic Providence Mint, and Jessica's signature.

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THE ARTIST

The list of juried shows, awards and one-woman exhibits credited to Jessica is far too lengthy to list. Simply put, she is one of America's best-loved sculptors whose work is eagerly sought by museums, galleries and private collectors. Frogg is the first of her whimsical animal sculpts she has made available to collectors and the first ever to be produced in fine porcelain.

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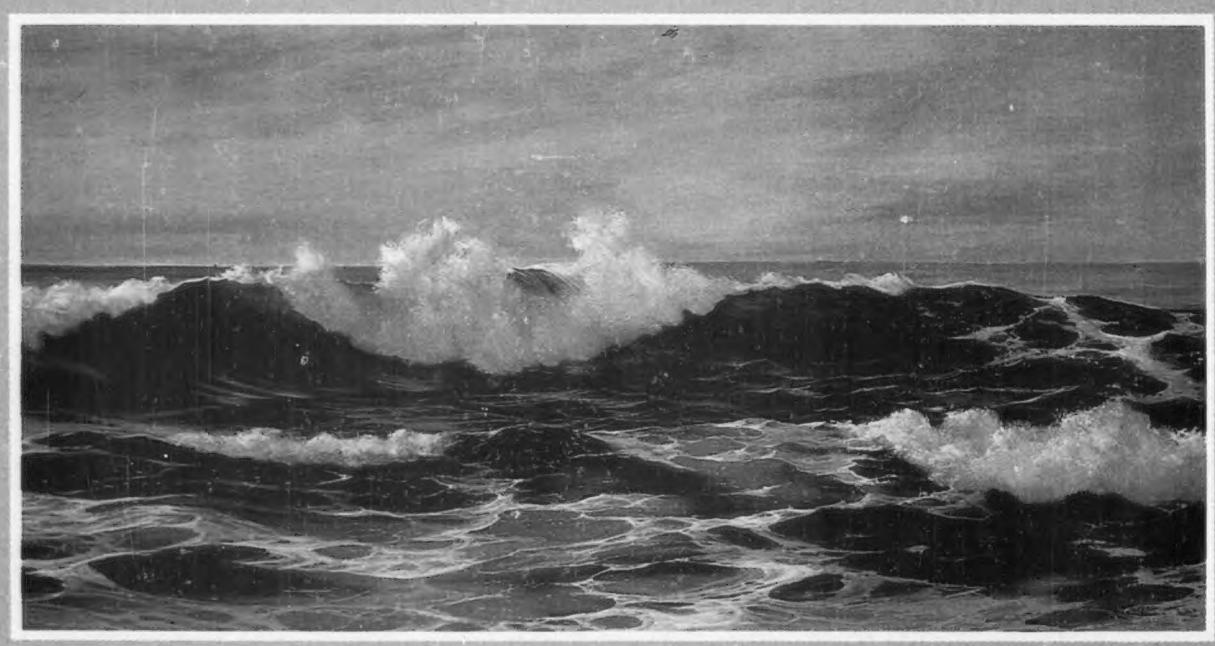

"Sea Power" 24 × 48 Oil on Linen by Carol Thompson

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American West

November/December 1982 Vol. XIX, No. 6

PHOTO BY WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD

Cover

Mexican Vaqueros, 1971

In this issue, award-winning historian Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., and photographer William Albert Allard join to bring us timeless and personal interpretations of the American West. In our beautiful cover picture, Allard captures a contemporary scene that takes one back to the earliest days of cowpunching on this continent. In Mexico, in 1971, a vaquero swings his lariat with precise dexterity in a gesture both theatrical and practical, as he and his coworkers round up horses for branding. Allard reminds us that the Mexicans were expert ropers of cattle and horses long before there were cowboys north of the Rio Grande. Josephy writes of myths and realities about the West and how they determine our attitudes. Within his own experience, the West has suffered major changes and has confronted serious problems. Nevertheless, Josephy finds strong evidence of the survival of Western traditions that are important for all Americans. In word and picture, we bring you scenes from that traditional West.

22 James White: First through the Grand Canyon?
by David Lavender
Mystifying tale of hardship and death

32 Whose Old West Is Disappearing?
by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.
photographs by William Albert Allard
In celebration of cowboys, cow ponies, and cow country

44 Sand of America and Other Images by Pablo Neruda

50 Maynard Dixon: Painter of the West
by Edith Hamlin
Six unpublished desert drawings

61 Mountain Canaries: Cantankerous Mules
by Roger L. Welsch
Vexatious critters draw anger and affection

4 View from the West

8 Letters to the Editor

12 Western Lookout

16 Gourmet & Grub

20 Hidden Inns & Lost Trails

67 Western Books in Brief

80 Western Snapshots

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View from the West

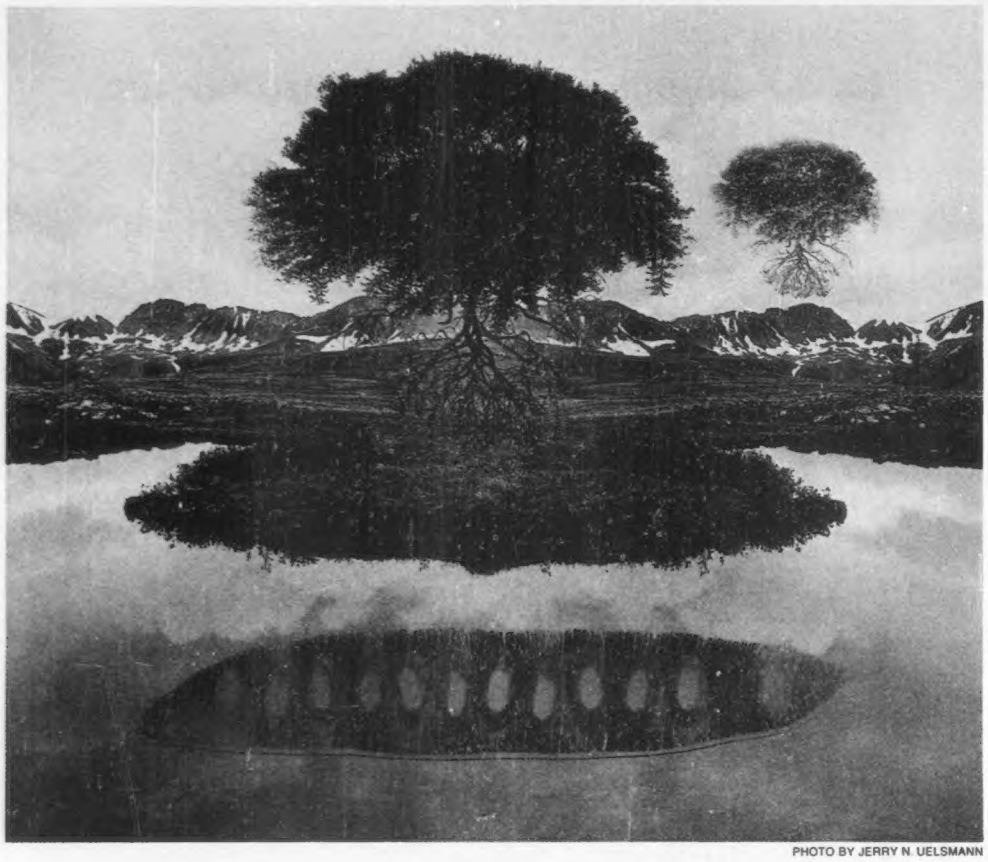

PHOTO BY JERRY N. UELSMANN

What's called for in our own American West is a quantum leap in understanding and appreciation for this awesome space.

Sometime relatively late in the great American trek West my own mother and father caught the westering fever and headed first to California, then to Washington state, and finally down to the Gulf Coast of Texas. And from those family stories that have come down to me from the days before I was, the West they first knew—in Point Arena, California, complete with wood-stove cooking and heating, back-door trout streams, and horseback transportation—seemed to them a frontier.

Pre-air-conditioned Houston was the first real city my parents settled in after their marriage, and the night they arrived a huge rat ran across the lobby of the Rice Hotel—Houston's finest, circa 1932 (not a good year anyway)—and my mother tells me she thought she had been set down someplace next door to the steaming jungles of the Amazon. She was ready to pack up and leave right then.

But they stayed, and in a few years I was born. I grew up in a Houston that still seemed like a small, close-knit community, where my father, on Saturday mornings downtown, knew every man he passed on the street; where business deals were sealed between men on the strength of a look in the eye and a handshake, and you knew your hand had been shaken by those guys; where the air was clear, and where fat sea trout, croakers, and an occasional alligator gar took the hook and line of a growing boy with his own beat-up skiff, fishing away the summer days on Galveston Bay.

So, here I am today—with a wife and three children, a dog, a horse, fish in a glass tank, a vegetable garden (the full catastrophe as Zorba the Greek so aptly put it)—living in a desert city that in all logical probability appears slated to self-destruct under the onslaught of newcomers (newcomers to Tucson are fond of saying that everyone here wants to be the last one to move in). After me, shut the door and lock it.

From the perspective of some in the West it isn't a question of whether the Western glass is half-empty or half-full. It's a question of whether the glass itself is about to be broken.

According to author of *Desert Solitaire* and irate letter-to-the-editor-writer (this issue) Edward Abbey, the glass is, at best, down to its last sediment-filled draught and evaporating fast under the pursed lips of our current Secretary of the Interior James Watt. Furthermore, according to an angry Abbey, anyone who knows this and has an opportunity to influence others, should join immediately in full-time rage, rage, raging at the dying of the West. Nothing short of "revolution," Abbey exhorts us, will do.

He has a point, but it doesn't seem to us that revolution is the answer.

If our reading of history is correct, revolutionary and so-called emerging countries in the twentieth century exhibit a wreckless disregard for the environment that goes beyond anything yet experienced in this country. Remember, it's the Soviet Union in all its revolutionary wisdom, that pioneered dumping radioactive waste from nuclear reactors into open holding ponds. These eventually evaporated leaving behind a layer of nuclear poison that was dispersed by high winds until the Techa River and large numbers of people, animals, plants . . . the very earth itself in a large area near the Soviet city of Kyshtym in the Ural Mountains was contaminated. "Death squads" of volunteer prisoners, many of whom reportedly died from radiation sickness, were sent in to cover the contaminated area with soil. No companies were put out of business, no Environmental Protection Agency, no marching ban-the-atomers there. In

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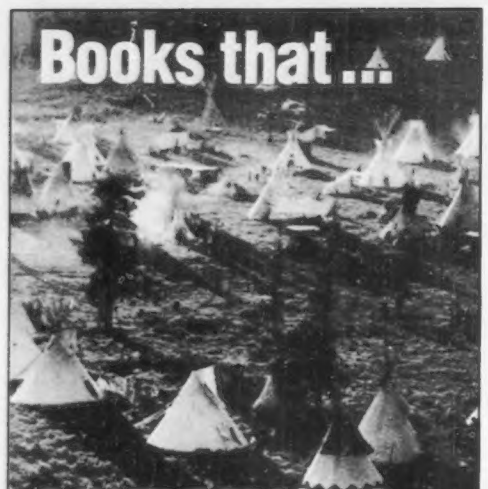

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truth, the "revolutionary" country's attitude towards environmental problems makes the captains of American industry, agribusiness, and federal bureaucrats look like a bunch of sissies.

As for emerging nations, ten years ago, before East African soldiers began hunting big game with automatic military weapons, my wife and I traveled alone in the great game parks of East Africa. For the first (and probably the last) time in my life I saw and felt what a real wilderness, supporting an indigenous human population, with a full range of plants and animals, was like. I knew then what our own land must have been just a few geological micro-seconds ago.

But the Kenyans I spoke to about this would have none of it. "More pollution is what we need," came the angry response. "We don't intend to remain a nice little African place where you people from Europe and America can come and see how all the animals and quaint Kikuyu and Masai folk live." In the time since my visit to East Africa, they've gone a long way with their "environmental revolution." The destruction makes our own industrial revolution look as though it happened in amber.

We won't belabor the point further with South American, Middle Eastern, Indochinese, Australian examples—countries with a whole array of governments, some conservative, some revolutionary—more or less all hell-bent on full-scale destruction of God's good earth to satisfy the insatiable, immediate appetites of their people.

On the other hand, the countries that have shown the greatest regard for the environment are the old countries of Europe. West Germany, Sweden, France, and Great Britain are the places where people have learned to take (and *pay* for) what they want and need from the land, and to rebuild what they have disrupted.

In Germany retired coal-strip mines are turned into rolling, grass-covered hills. In France, some families are on the same farms tilling the same soil their forebears have used since the days when knights in armor rode down the lanes, and the land is still rich and fertile, husbanded by each generation for the succeeding generation forever. In Great Britain, after centuries of pollution the Thames is once again flowing clear and clean. An award is offered to the person who catches the first of the newly returned salmon.

What's called for today in our own American West is a quantum leap in understanding and appreciation for this awesome space, not a hatred for our ancestors and the many here today who take with abandon what once seemed inexhaustible. What's needed is a willingness to pay the environmental-restoration costs of what we take, not more breast-beating, environmental diatribes, tears, or Walter Mitty blowing up of dams.

What's needed is an open-eyed recognition, as Pogo so aptly put it, of the fact that "We is seen the problem and the problem is us"—all of us, and all of us in a very immediate and personal way. We're here because we came here or our parents came here to be in a better place. We aren't going away, we can't close the door on our neighbors, or stem the tide of our own blood into the next generation.

It isn't a question of whether the Western glass is half-empty or half-full; it isn't even a question of whose Old West is disappearing, as writer Alvin Josephy and photographer William Allard so eloquently portray on the cover and elsewhere in this issue.

It's a question of values and understanding, respect and sensitivity. The swelling ranks of people who recognize this about the West today, in contrast to some of the absurd, anachronistic, exploitive measures proposed by our absentee government in Washington, give us hope that Americans have seen the Western glass, have measured its value, and will hand on a fair portion of this last great place in our nation where there is still a geography of hope.

Thomas Pew

American West

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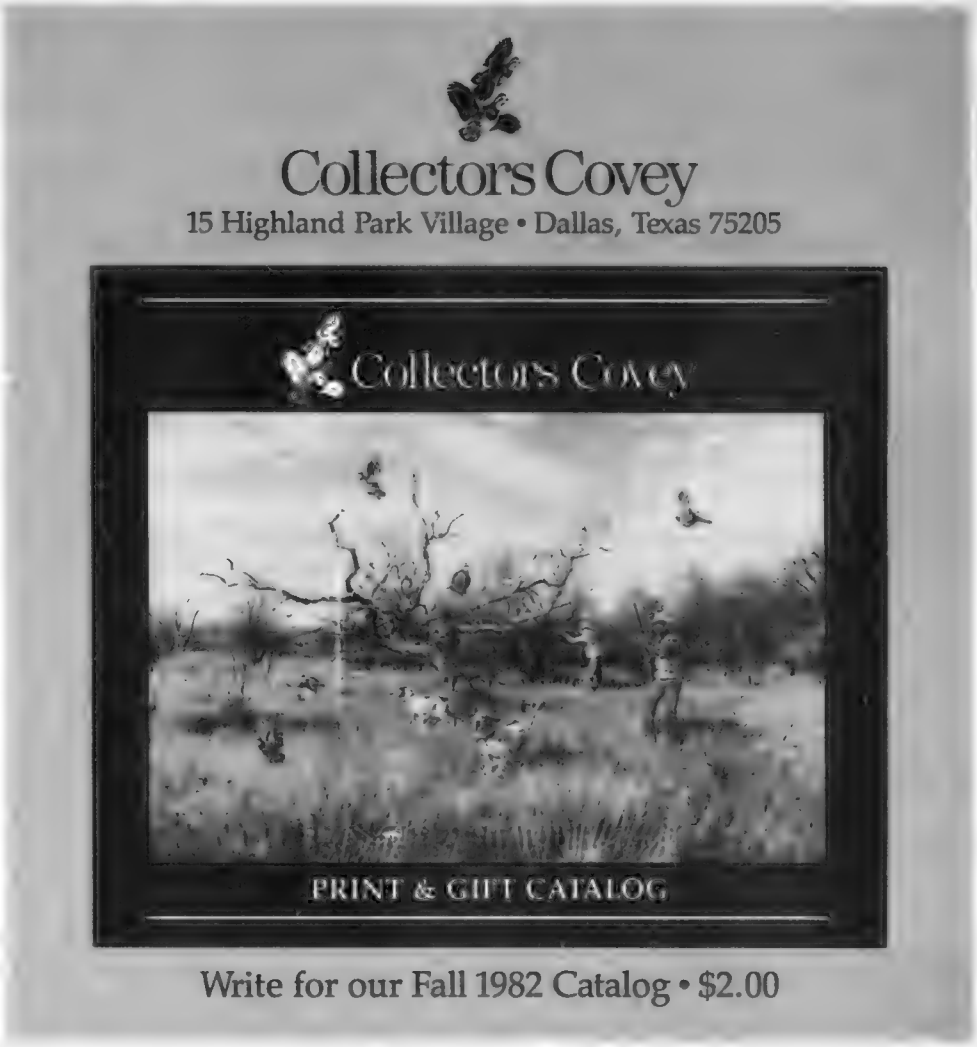
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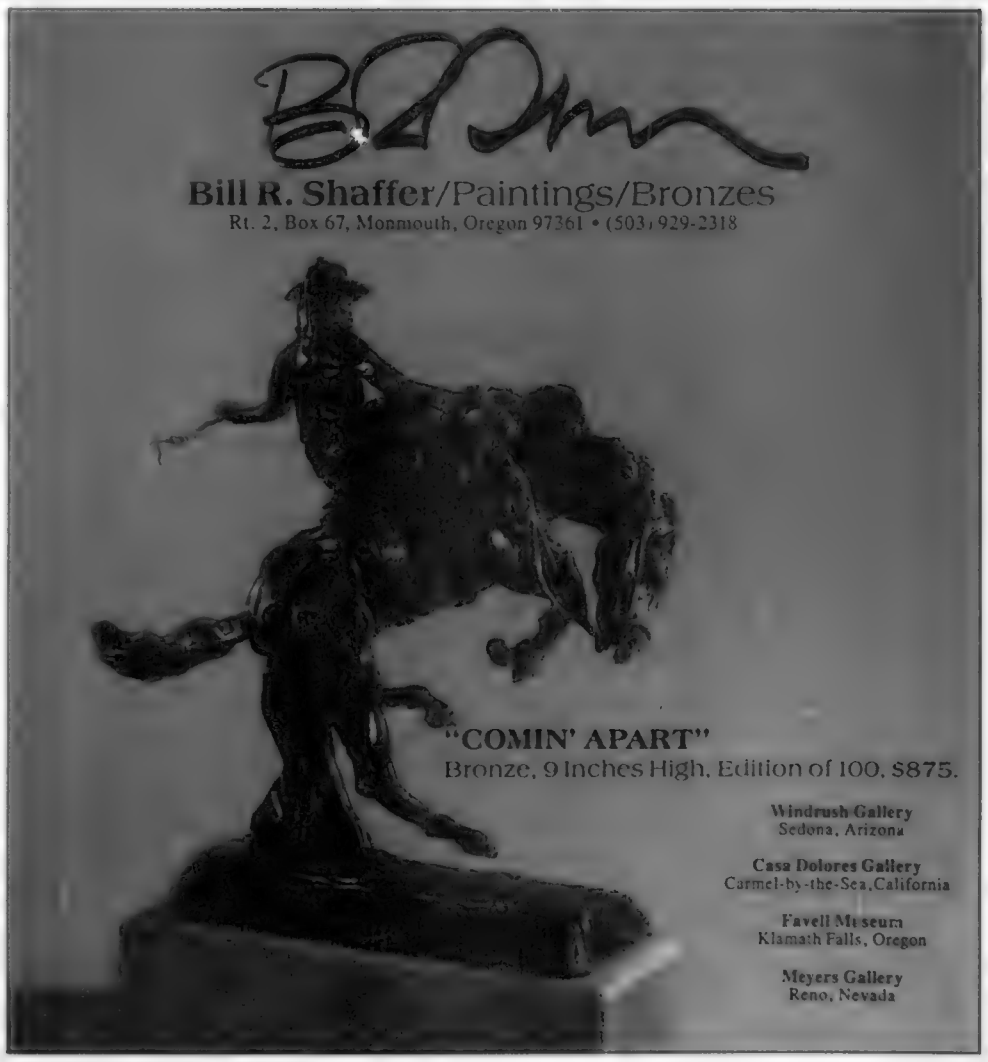

Letters to the Editor

A shout from Yellville

Thank you for the note on Yellville in your Western Lookout section in the September/October 1982 issue.

Before some folks start hollering at me, I'd better clear up one thing. Yellville was named after a politician, Archibald Yell, who paid the town $50 to change its name from Shawnee Town.

Once again, we certainly appreciate your article.

David E. Doshier, Pres.
Chamber of Commerce
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Ed Abbey takes a shot

I am troubled by your editorial remarks in the July/August 1982 issue of AMERICAN WEST. Do you really believe that all is well in the contemporary West simply because it is still possible to go for a picnic in the hills and the cowboys are still doing what they've always done? There's something fake about your pretended naiveté. You know better, and you know that we know it.

Yes, the cowboys are still out there, a few of them, working mostly for absentee ownership, still wearing their comical hats, still overgrazing the hell out of our public lands and still shooting down the last of our eagles, mountain lions, bears, etcetera. That much remains the same. But the American West as a whole is under a massive attack by industrial greed—the mining, lumbering, land development industries—and you know it. James Watt is the perfect personification of all that is most corrupt and rotten in American life—and Watt and his buddies are now in power!

Right here in Arizona, the copper industry continues to have its own way, dumping its poisonous filth into the public air while their political flunkies like Bruce Babbitt and those moral dwarfs in the state legislature continue to grovel at the industry's feet. It's high time for the copper industry in Arizona to clean up or shut down—and you know it. Don't give me any crocodile tears about unemployed copper miners either. Good God, there's over ten million people out of work in this country, many more millions who've given up looking for work, and some twenty or thirty million living below the poverty line. We don't need a copper industry—we need a revolution!

AMERICAN WEST was once a fairly feisty magazine when T. H. Watkins was editor, displaying some concern about preserving the quality of life in our West. But if this July/August issue is typical (I'll admit I haven't looked at the magazine for years), then you are sinking to the intellectual level of Bruce Babbitt and his *Arizona Highways*. And lower than that you cannot sink. That slick, slimey publication reminds me of what astronomers call "black holes"—objects so contracted, small, and dense that they can neither emit nor reflect light.

Have you read or reviewed James Byrkit's *Forging the Copper Collar?* A very good book about the copper companies' stranglehold on Arizona life and politics. I recommend it. (University of Arizona Press, 1982.)

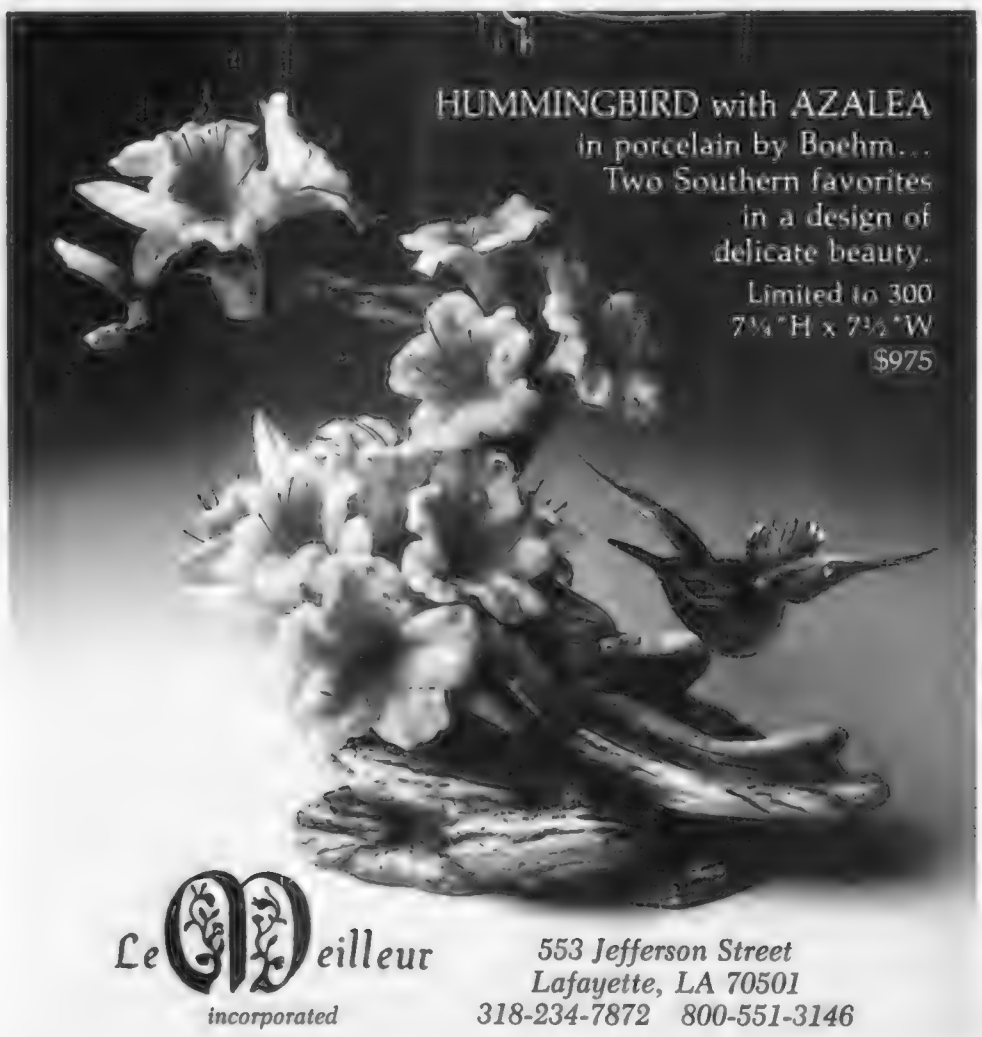
Edward Abbey
Oracle, Ariz.

Edward Abbey is the author of many books, including The Monkey Wrench Gang, Desert Solitaire, *and* Down the River.

Paniolos

This letter refers to a technicality in Stan Steiner's "Land of the Paniolos" in your July/August 1982 issue. Specifically, I'm curious about Steiner's use of the word "eucalyptus" on page 25.

In the course of my association with the sugar industry in Hawaii for over fifty years, one of the side issues has been *other* possible crops, e.g., tree crops. The eucalyptus native to



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Australia are being grown in Hawaii and in other subtropical areas with good promise.

But I recall no references to eucalypt varieties *native* to Hawaii. Early-day sailing-boat captains brought seeds to California, and no doubt Hawaii, but there were no native stands of these trees in Hawaii's native forests (?) If Steiner has documentation on this, I would certainly be interested.

His description and photos on loading cattle onto a vessel anchored offshore were very good. I saw some of that story in 1929.

T. J. Nelson
Crockett, Calif.

Author Stan Steiner's reply follows.

The islanders of the Pacific were incredible travelers and traders. From the year 1,000 and before, they had crisscrossed the seas bringing with them the seeds of cultures and trees.

My reference in "Ranching in Paradise" was to the mid-nineteenth century when the British introduced the eucalyptus seeds from Tasmania and Australia around the world, from India to southern Europe. Though I personally think the traveling tree may have reached Hawaii earlier.

Stan Steiner

The West is alive

I am angry. For the last two years I have watched with interest while you and your staff proved that interest in the "West," both old and new, was not dead or dying but vital and of great interest to a *large* number of people. Congratulations!

I have concurrently been dismayed at grumblings regarding those same changes from some elements of the historical community who have for many years supported AMERICAN WEST both individually and through the Western History Association.

As a member of that community, I must respond in kind to those criticisms:

1. There is no lack of history in AMERICAN WEST—it is to be found in every issue, though perhaps footnotes

(Continued on page 74)

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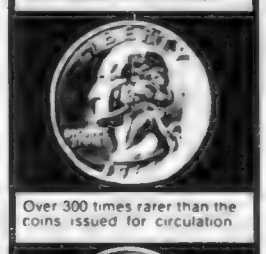
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Western Lookout

Lockheed's Pigeon Fleet. Pigeons are making important landings every day at Lockheed Missile and Space Company's test base in Felton, California. The birds' unusual mission is to deliver microfilmed prints of graphic designs from the company's Sunnyvale headquarters, thereby saving the time and expense of traditional courier service over thirty miles of twisting mountain roads. Using the carrier pigeons is also cheaper than using the company's computer, explains Werner Deeg, a research scientist who is training the birds: "It costs ten dollars a print to use the machine, but the pigeons cost one dollar." Known for sending sophisticated aircraft into the sky, Lockheed decided to try the pigeons after receiving the suggestion from a company scientist, intrigued by a television program that showed pigeons carrying blood samples for a hospital.

Europe Welcomes American West. The Muenchner Stadmuseum in Munich and the Musée Jacquemart-André in Paris have become showplaces for classic works of Western art through a traveling exhibit of paintings from the Anschutz Collection. Sponsored by United Technologies, the exhibit's stop in Munich drew thousands of people to see the American West captured by the masterful brush of such artists as George Catlin, Frederic Remington, Charles Russell, and Georgia O'Keeffe. In October the eighty paintings moved on to Paris, where they will be displayed at the Musée Jacquemart-André through December 15.

Christmas in Nevada. An exhibit opening December 1 at the Nevada Historical Society in Reno takes visitors back to the early days when Christmas was greeted with simple celebrations. Wood scraps provide the makings of a rude Christmas tree in a picture of Tonopah miners at a bar—one of several intriguing Christmas images on display. Other features of "Christmas in Nevada," exhibited through January, are old-style skis and snowshoes, winter woolens, toys, ornaments, and a turn-of-the-century sleigh.

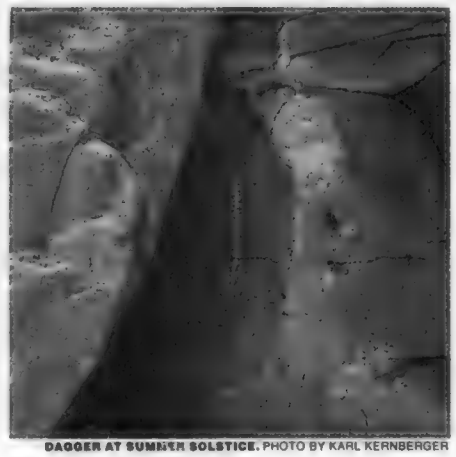
Apache Heritage. The history and culture of the Apache Tribe of Oklahoma are celebrated in the traveling exhibit "From Generation to Generation: The Plains Apache Way," on view December 5 through January 8 at the Plains Indian and Pioneer Historical

SUN DAGGER SITE. PHOTO BY KARL KERNBERGER

The Sun Dagger: A setup or really a rockfall?

For centuries at Fajada Butte in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, three slabs of sandstone have stood on edge, focusing the sunlight at midday into a moving "dagger" of light on the cliff wall. In 1977 artist Anna Sofaer recognized these rocks as an ancient solar marker used by the Anasazi Indians to register the summer solstice and other times of the year, but the question remained as to how the two-ton slabs assumed their unique position. A recent report in *Science* magazine claims that natural weathering rather than ingenious placement by man created the sun dagger site.

"The slabs appear to be the result of a natural rockfall and not a construct of the Chacoan Anasazi," report scientists Evelyn B. Newman and Robert K. Mark of the U.S. Geological Survey and R. Gwinn Vivian of the Arizona State Museum in the September 10, 1982,



DAGGER AT SUMMER SOLSTICE. PHOTO BY KARL KERNBERGER

issue of *Science*. "Although neither the rockfall nor the petroglyphs [carved spirals that the dagger strikes] can be dated accurately, it is likely that the petroglyphs were designed after the rockfall by people who observed the details of the light pattern for several annual cycles." The sun dagger's position is particularly intriguing at summer solstice when it bisects the large spiral petroglyph.

This solar marker with its six- to nine-foot sandstone slabs is just one of several "observatories" used by the prehistoric inhabitants of Chaco Canyon.

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Foundation in Woodward, Oklahoma. Paintings, photographs, and artifacts reveal the enduring values of family unity and kinship in the life of these Plains inhabitants. In tracing Apache heritage, the show looks first at the sixteenth century when explorer Francisco Vásquez de Coronado penetrated the region. Chronicles of the expedition in 1541 describe the Apaches as "a gentle people . . . faithful in their friendship." The exhibit is sponsored by the Stovall Museum of Science and History, the Oklahoma Archeological Survey, and the Apache Tribe of Oklahoma.

Flying Doctor. Dr. Richard Bargen of Fallon, Nevada, has a practice covering 80,000 square miles. Five days a week he tosses tackle boxes of medical gear in the back of his Cessna and takes off for desert towns like Jackpot, Round Mountain, Silverpeak, and Gabbs—communities too small or too isolated to support their own physician. "It's such a simple solution to such a serious problem," says Bargen, who sees an average of twenty patients a day during regularly scheduled clinics. The major employer in each town—a mine, in most cases—helps sponsor these trips, but last year Bargen had to draw $20,000 from his savings to cover costs. Still, he says, "It's something you just don't want to give up."

Arctic Archeology. Earlier this year artifact hunters near Barrow, Alaska, discovered the well-preserved remains of seven Inupiat Eskimos in a mound overlooking the Arctic Ocean. Archeologists on the scene believe the Eskimos to be members of a single family who died about 1826, due, perhaps, to a falling block of ice. The find is an important one because of the clues it contains to everyday Eskimo life. Bows and arrows, cups, ladles, ivory needles, and seal-skin clothing on a drying rack reveal the specific arrangement of the family's home. Except for a metal knife blade linking the site to the nineteenth century, the implements discovered are the type used by Inupiats for at least four thousand years.

Homage to the Sacred. An exhibit opening November 9 at the Fresno Arts Center in Fresno, California, explores the mysteries of Mexico's ancient cultures through a display of ceremonial figures less than two feet high. "Homage to the Sacred: Pre-Columbian Ceramic Sculpture" features artifacts created

(Continued on page 19)

The 1983 Wilderness Calendar

Photographers
John P. George
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John Nichols
Lawrence Clark Powell
Leslie Marmon Silko
Wallace Stegner
Frank Waters
Ann Zwinger

The 1983 Wilderness Calendar is much more than an extraordinary collection of Western photographs, although it is that. Each month features quotations from the writings of one of the Western authors listed above as well as humorous and historical dates of significant Western events. In succinct, personal statements the authors reveal the Western experience and character, making a strong case for conservation and preservation of something of value. A truly unique collection, plumb full of Western beauty, wisdom and heart.

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R. C. Gorman impishly describes his luncheon guest as an unidentified woman. The world knows her as Elizabeth Taylor. PHOTO BY ISRAEL STEIN

If it calls for garlic, Miss Rose, just add more

by R. C. Gorman

In my travels for my shows and fun hops, I'm usually overfed by the well-meaning party people I seem to attract. Unfortunately, I don't always get what Momma would consider a well-balanced meal. Champagne, beef tartare, salmon mousse, caviar, cheese and crackers can sure tie a guy up if they are served at every party he attends. And it has happened. To combat this, my wise housekeeper Miss Rose Roybal always makes certain that my suitcase is filled with canned spinach, herb-lax, and lecithin.

But let's face it, fellow trenchermen, the best food is cooked and served at home. But don't get me wrong; I'm also enormously fond of being entertained at some of the finest eating places in the world. After all, I have that can of dreadful spinach that Miss Rose lovingly tucked away for me.

Men who are secure with their identity find cooking quite fun—using some of my Sonoma-Williams pots and pans amounts to lifting weights. Arnold Schwarzenegger has eaten at my home, but it never occurred to me to ask for help. Oh well, probably Rosa was doing the cooking.

Actually, a man need not even be in the kitchen to organize a meal. Pretend you're directing a play. Some of my best dinners have been prepared by La Rose via the telephone.

A One-Act Play

(*Two characters are seen on opposite sides of the stage. R. C. is in a crowded bar called El Patio. Rose is in her kitchen. The phone rings. Miss Rose daintily answers.*)

Rose: (*impatiently*) R. C., *where* are you?

R. C.: None of your business.

Rose: Your schedule today says that you are having eight for lunch.

R. C.: Oh (*pause*). I'm in a bar. Well, of course, let's feed these marvelous creatures. However, let's make it super simple. But elegant, my dear. Real silver, champagne, and all the rest. Do the chicken wings—the ones I've done on TV several times.

Rose: Oh, that's where I cut the cute little tips off and boil the wings in Tamari sauce?

R. C.: Exactly.

Rose: Exactly what?

R. C.: Exactly ¾ part water to 1 part Tamari. Boil them until done.

Rose: I remember.

R. C.: Listen.

Rose: I know.

R. C.: Put celery and onion in the broth. Remember to save the broth for gravy or soup.

Rose: I know.

R. C.: Meanwhile, prepare some flour with pepper—no salt, but lots of curry powder. Use the good kind that Ruth Warrick sent from India. I love Miss Phoebe Tyler!

Rose: Then?

R. C.: After you've removed the wings, let them drain a little and prepare the oil. Use that great olive oil that Greg Munchkin brought me from Spain. Put some butter in the oil. This is a must.

Rose: I know, but how much?

R. C.: Oh Rose, just a chunk. Use that great homemade, unsalted butter that Ann Moule, the crazy artist from Santa Fe, sent me for my birthday.

Rose: The fiftieth one?

R. C.: Shut your mouth. I've never been that age in my life.

Rose: I know.

R.C.: Okay. Next, flour the wings and fry them to a golden brown. That's that.

Rose: What are we going to serve with it?

R. C.: Forgot about that.... Bartender, I'll have another one.

Rose: What?

R. C.: Not you, Rose. Let's have fresh sliced pears, and small sweet potatoes in their skins, and fresh string bean vinaigrette. It must have fresh chives. Fresh. Fresh. Fresh.

Rose: I know.

R. C.: By the way, who's coming for lunch?

Rose: Linda Lavin, the pretty lady from "Alice," who bought your tapestry. She's coming with her troupe.

R. C.: Thank God it's not Elizabeth Taylor again! She had the chicken wings last time she ate here. And, oh, don't forget the garlic. If it calls for garlic, Miss Rose, just add more. Thank you, my little tiny darling.

Rose: I know.

(*Phone clicks. Bar scene fades. Rose hangs up the phone and mumbles.*)

Rose: Garlic...oh, dear! Just add more as my Gorman says.

Curtain

Just remember. If someone wants to hire me—I don't do windows and I don't do pastries. Thank you. And I don't ever do dishes. Thanks again.

Navajo artist **R. C. Gorman** *is planning a new cookbook.* His Nudes & Foods: Gorman Goes Gourmet *is now in print.*

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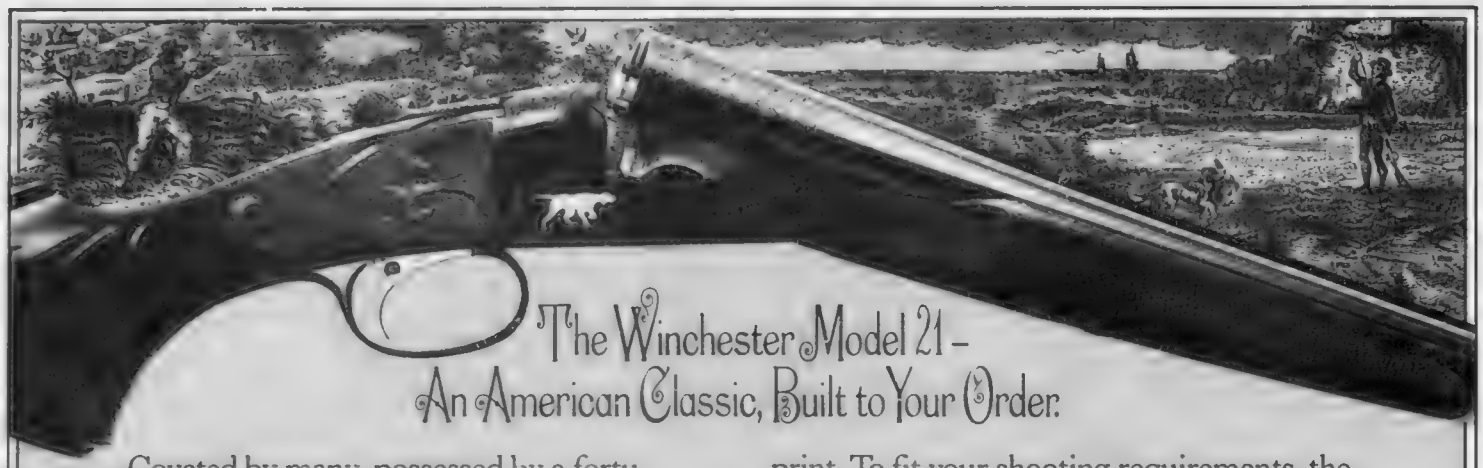

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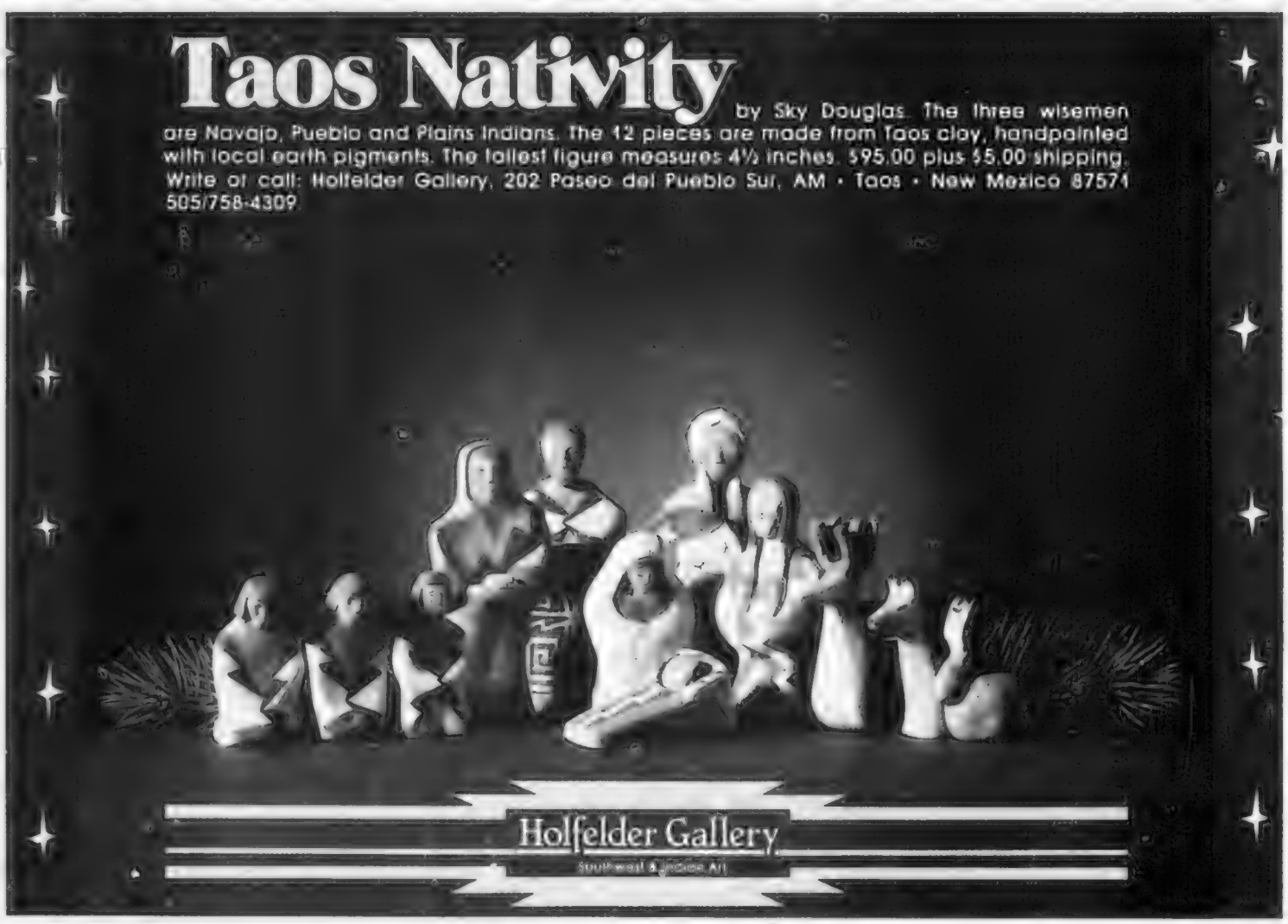

Lookout *(Continued from page 14)*

OAXACA FUNERARY, COURTESY FRESNO ARTS CENTER. PHOTO BY DON WEED

between 500 B.C. and 1500 A.D., many as offerings to the gods. Originally buried beneath temple steps or in other sacred locations, the figures have much to tell modern man about ancient conceptions of life, fertility, death, and rebirth. The exhibit ends December 29.

They Went That-a-way. The Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, will hold a Western film seminar titled "They Went That-a-way" on December 3, 4, and 5. Motion picture producer, historian, and archivist Alex Gordon will be the featured speaker. For the film schedule and other details, write to Gene Ball, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Box 1000, Cody, Wyoming, 82414, or call him at (307) 587-4771. The seminar costs fifteen dollars.

Christmas Cards. An unusual exhibit opening December 4 at the Colorado Historical Society in Denver will give Westerners a chance to see the kinds of Christmas cards their ancestors gave and received. The cards date between 1874 and 1910 and are part of a traveling exhibit called "The Seasonal Trade," organized by the Smithsonian Institution. In addition to fancy yuletide greetings with intricate borders and silk fringe, the show features picture cards celebrating a variety of other holidays. The cards represent an innovation of the chromolithography industry, which made color reproductions of art works affordable to the majority of Americans for the first time during the nineteenth century. The exhibit continues at the Colorado Historical Society through January 2, 1983.

(Continued on page 78)

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PHOTO BY PETER WILD

The Selway Lodge

by Peter Wild

Exploring around the old barn, a guest fiddles with a handmade door latch. Who carved it in the succession of owners of what is now the Selway Lodge no one knows, but it is very much part of the story, not of great battles or of dramatic discoveries, but of how people lived in the wilderness.

First there were the Nez Percé Indians of Washington and Oregon. Traveling toward the buffalo range to the east, their hunting parties passed into western Montana, following ancient routes through the labyrinths of the northern Rocky Mountains. For them, this area was inhospitable, an up-and-down affair of narrow canyons and gloomy forests, rough on their horses, and not at all a place to stay. Still, for reasons long lost, they called one of its main rivers the Selwah, or "smooth water," twisted on the tongues of another culture into Selway. It is a misleading name on the chopped-up landscape. Indomitable as they were, Captains Lewis and Clark griped in their journals (1804–06) and nearly starved as they stumbled in freezing rain among these snow-capped peaks, groping their way to the Pacific.

Since then, the nation's attitudes toward wilderness have changed radically. Fishermen from as far away as Massachusetts and Florida gladly trudge over the passes to the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness Area for a crack at the feisty, native, cutthroat trout. Backpackers revel in the home of bear and mountain lion, of eagles and elk, for here they can hike to their hearts' content. In a preserve almost twice the size of Rhode Island, they rarely see fellow backpackers. Straddling the mountainous border between Idaho and Montana, at one and one-quarter million acres, the Selway-Bitterroot is the largest reserve of wild land in the lower forty-eight states.

Rarest of all, in the middle of this vast, roadless tract, in a pine-shadowed, flower-studded meadow along the river of "smooth water," lies the Selway Lodge. One of the four or five privately owned ranches still remaining in this wilderness, the Selway offers a priceless isolation, an escape from freeways and electrical gadgets to a pioneer wilderness setting of half-a-dozen rustic log cabins amid an orchard of apple and plum trees.

After a four-hour drive south from Missoula, guests leave their cars and saddle up for the ride along the river trail through the deep canyon of the Selway where Indian hunting parties once rode. The introduction is awesome, with close-up views of crashing waterfalls and far-off vistas of the serrated Continental Divide. At the lodge there is a profound sense of being cut off from the outside world, of eternal quiet uninterrupted by telephones, because of course there are none. But life there, with individual cabins instead of rooms, with meals at a common table in the main ranch building, is easygoing rather than Spartan, offering just the right blend of privacy and camaraderie. As for history, some of the guests stay in the snug log cabin built by Henry Pettibone, who homesteaded the place from 1909 to 1931.

Eager for the gold in the rich soil of California and Oregon, early pioneers passed through the northern Rockies as quickly as possible. Hence, it was only in this century, long after the frontier had disappeared, that a few men like Pettibone, longing "to get away from it all," braved this rugged country, this island of wilderness that others had passed by. They were what we would probably call eccentrics today, bachelors with a few beef cattle who raised potatoes along the river and went off bear hunting when threatened by boredom. Perhaps once a year they would go to town, driving their wild-eyed cows over the high passes and down into the Bitterroot Valley beyond. During Prohibition they had more than steak on-the-hoof to sell in Darby and Hamilton. Pettibone's nearest neighbor, old-timers recall, peddled his bootleg whiskey for fifteen dollars a gallon. Then somewhat desperately he bought it back for six dollars a pint in order to celebrate his newfound wealth before returning for another year of wilderness isolation.

Such stories survive because along the Selway, "history" is recent history, and the few people in the area feel part of a living continuum. The owners of the lodge, Everett and Frederica Peirce, can spin tales far into the night about poachers and cattle rustlers, moonshining and bear hunting. What's more, the next day they will take guests to see the evidence—the trapper's cabin, forlorn and moss-covered in a ferny glen, and the nearby "bear tree" where some long-ago nimrod recorded his victory Daniel-Boone style.

When the game warden dropped by for a chat, in good Western fashion Henry Pettibone would invite him to stay for dinner, chuckling as he served up fresh venison with the vegetables. But the lawman said nothing, for the illegal meal was part of the ongoing, frontier joshing. In a wilderness where men were few and nature often harsh, a certain amount of gentlemanly give-and-take was necessary for survival.

When old Pettibone died, the warden lovingly buried his friend on a knoll above the ranch. It's a nostalgic stroll up there under a full moon. Standing in the field of daisies, one can almost hear Pettibone's ghost, the spirit of the place, still chuckling contentedly beneath the tower of Eagle Rock, as nearby Ditch Creek plays its thrush-like tune through the night.

For additonal information, write to Selway Lodge, Box 1100, Hamilton, Montana 59840, or call (406) 363-2555.

Avid outdoorsman **Peter Wild** *is a contributing editor of* High Country News, *a paper covering environmental news in the northern Rockies.*

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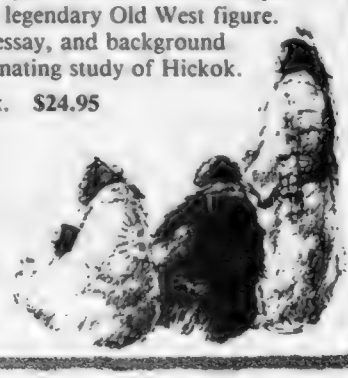

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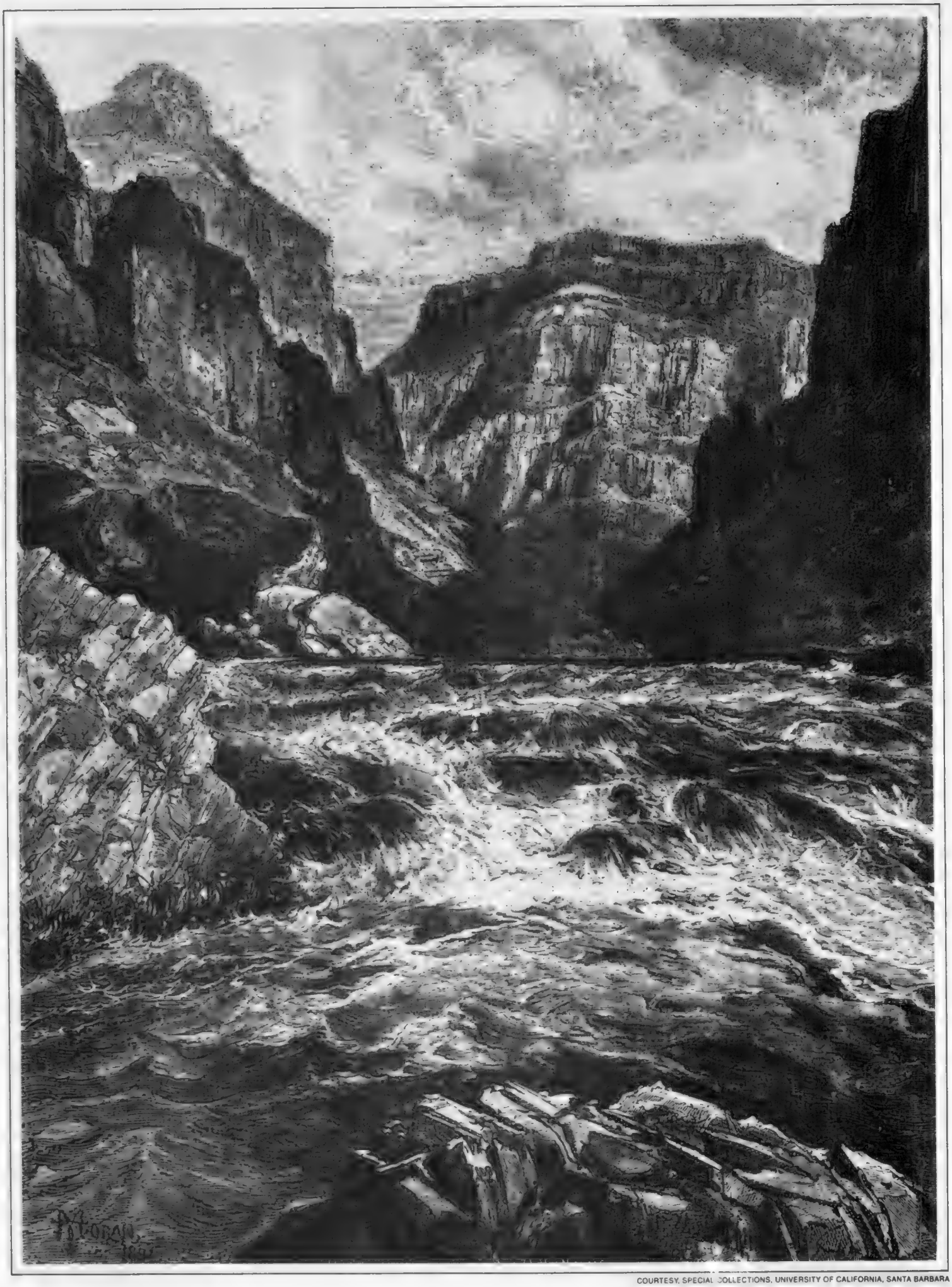

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James White: First through the Grand Canyon?

Mystifying tale of hardship and death

by David Lavender

EARLY IN SEPTEMBER, 1867, A BARGE BEING POLED upstream against the current of the Colorado River by Indian workers docked at the landing in Callville, Nevada, head of navigation on the stream at that time. Its crew was after a cargo of rock salt in demand at the mines several score miles downstream. The river, which was low at that time of year, glowed under the sun like burnished copper. Because of the heat the loading went slowly. The men were still at it on the eighth, when one of the stevedores suddenly pointed toward midstream and shouted the Paiute equivalent of "White man! White man!" Out there, waving feebly for help from a small raft of crooked cottonwood logs was a half-naked Caucasian.

Spectators towed the flimsy craft ashore and helped its occupant out of the sun into one of Callville's handful of gray, stone buildings. He was in dreadful shape, incoherent, emaciated, and cramped. Some of his skin was puckered from long immersion in water; most of the rest was blistered raw by the sun. His rescuers clothed him, fed him sparely, let him rest. As his wits returned, he gave his name as James White and told an incredible tale.

Indians, he said, had attacked him and two other prospectors nearly four hundred miles away in a side canyon leading to the Colorado River somewhere above the mouth of the San Juan in southeastern Utah Territory. During the fighting one man died. White and the other seized a few necessary articles from their horses and scrambled down the rough gulch to the river. There they built a raft of driftwood and launched it in a desperate attempt at escape. On the third day White's companion had been swept into the current and drowned. After another eleven days of battling alone with gigantic whirlpools and one towering stretch of turbulence, White had reached Callville, some sixty-five miles below the mouth of the Grand Canyon.

The story, carried downstream from Callville by the barge captain, created a minor sensation. The first man to traverse the great abyss, however inadvertently! The tale spread to newspapers in San Bernardino, California, and Prescott, Arizona. From those points it traveled to San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Denver, New York. The real clincher was provided by a respected naturalist, Dr. C. C. Parry. At that time Parry was connected with a survey being run from the Midwest to southern California by General William J. Palmer, Treasurer and Chief Engineer of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. A section of the survey party heard of White's adventure while celebrating Christmas Eve, 1867, at Fort Mojave, located beside the lower Colorado River in Arizona. Anxious to learn all he could about the country through which he hoped to build his railroad, Palmer asked Dr. Parry to interview White.

By that time the erstwhile prospector had recovered from his ordeal and had a job carrying mail, on horseback, between Callville and Fort Mojave. Parry caught him at his Hardyville stop and not only listened to his story but now and then, when White seemed confused over details, prompted him a bit. That was natural. White, who was barely literate, had no sound idea of where he had been. Parry, on the other

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(Above) *James White in his seventy-second year, in retirement in Trinidad, Colorado. The tale of his Grand Canyon adventure, over forty years earlier, was still challenged.* (Opposite) *Thomas Moran's drawing of Lava Falls (in* Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District *by Clarence Dutton, 1882) depicts one of a score of rapids that James White would have had to negotiate in the Grand Canyon. Could he have taken a flimsy raft through water like this?*

Because James White's account of his great adventure did not agree with the geography of the river; detractors and supporters have suggested at least five points where White may have begun his trek on the Colorado. Those points are indicated by arrows on this map, drawn as of 1867.
UTAH TERRITORY
GLEN CANYON
NAVAJO MT.
Colorado R.
NEVADA
Callville
BOULDER CANYON
Grapevine
GRAND WASH CLIFFS
GRAND CANYON
ARIZ
TERRI
Diamond Creek
Peach Springs Canyon
Colorado R.
Fort Mojave
SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS
Little Colorado R.

hand, had studied every available report on the Southwest and had covered much of it, though not the river, in person. Instinctively he tried to put White's tale into coherent order and in so doing gave the ignorant prospector notions of geography he might otherwise not have had.

Parry sent one copy of the interview to Palmer, one to the California Academy of Science, and one to the Saint Louis Academy of Science. It was read aloud at the annual meeting of the last-named group and printed in its *Transactions*. Palmer incorporated his copy in his report to the railroad. Shortly thereafter the report was submitted to Congress as part of the Kansas Pacific's pitch to obtain government subsidies for constructing the line. The purpose of including the story was probably to attract attention, which it most certainly did.

Though the railroad received no subsidies and was never extended past Denver, the fault was not with White's story. If anyone at the time doubted the tale, that person kept silent.

After all, White had been fished half-dead out of the river at Callville. He was known to have been prospecting in Colorado not long before. The connection was inescapable.

More profound than circumstantial evidence in winning acceptance of the story, however, were the instincts it plumbed. A river, ancient metaphor for life's turbulent course. Man's primordial conflict against the indifferent forces of nature: People wanted it to have happened.

Yet as the Colorado River became better known, doubts arose. Accompanying the questions about the journey was curiosity about White himself. Who was this American Odysseus? And if he had not floated through hundreds of miles of canyon in fourteen days, as he claimed, where had he entered the stream? And why had he obscured the truth, if he had?

JAMES WHITE WAS BORN AT ROME, NEW YORK, November 19, 1837. He received very little education and

evidently developed no home ties. When he was twenty-two or twenty-three, he followed the Colorado gold rush to Denver, ended up empty handed, and drifted on to Virginia City, Nevada. There, on November 1, 1861, he enlisted in the army for three years and was mustered into Company H, Fifth Infantry. He gave his occupation as carpenter. He was blue eyed, rather short (five feet seven inches), and stocky. His training completed, he was sent to Fort Yuma, California, arriving in the spring of 1862. He was still there when gold discoveries higher up the river at La Paz, Arizona, and El Dorado Canyon, California, sent flurries of excitement through the region. Whether or not he visited the new fields is unknown, but he certainly heard of them.

In January, 1863, White marched with his company through the desert to Franklin, Texas (presently, El Paso). After serving as a cattle herder and teamster, he was shifted to the Quartermaster's Department. In September, 1864, less than two months before his enlistment expired, he was arrested for buying whiskey with goods stolen from the Quartermaster's store. Though sentenced to a year at hard labor, White was freed in the spring of 1865 under the terms of a general amnesty occasioned by the ending of the Civil War. Drifting on to Kansas, he landed a job as a stagecoach driver on the Santa Fe Trail. There he fell in with a veteran of the Confederate army, Charles Baker.

Like White, Baker had been in the vanguard of the Colorado gold rush. Acquaintances recalled him as an inept miner. Yet when he went broke early in the summer of 1860 on the headwaters of the Arkansas River, he somehow managed to persuade a luckier man, S. B. Kellogg, to grubstake him and six others for a prospecting trip in the rugged, virtually unknown San Juan Mountains in the southwestern part of Colorado Territory.

Apparently the adventurers traveled there by a roundabout route—down the Rio Grande to the Hispanic settlements of New Mexico Territory and then north along the first leg of the Old Spanish Trail to the San Juan River. Leaving the San Juan for one of its northern tributaries, the Animas, they worked their way alongside its formidable granite canyon into the mountain-cupped bowl where the town of Silverton, Colorado, now stands.

Not long after reaching the bowl, which they named Baker Park (it is still called that), the prospectors sent word to Kellogg that they had discovered diggings worth twenty-five cents a pan. The figure sounds picayune today, but in the 1860s a miner could make high wages from two-bit diggings. Disdaining the approach of winter, Kellogg and more than 100 other rainbow chasers followed the V-shaped route south into New Mexico Territory and then northwest to Baker Park. Storms pummeled them ferociously, and they were correspondingly unhappy to discover diggings worth only a penny or two a pan.

The original group had meanwhile built a toll road over the roughest section of the approach to the Park and had also laid out, near the lower end of the road, a town in which they offered lots for sale. Rightly or wrongly, the disappointed stampeders believed the episode was a setup, and before the little settlement oozed into oblivion there was harsh talk of hanging Baker. The threat may have helped persuade him to leave in a hurry for the East and the Confederate army.

During the war he earned or else appropriated afterward the rank of Captain. It was as Captain Baker that he, too, chanced to become a stagecoach driver in Kansas. He was definitely the leader of the other drivers stationed at the same division point—James White, George Strole, and Joseph Goodfellow. In the spring of 1867 Baker talked them into quitting their jobs and prospecting with him in Colorado. Apparently, too, he masterminded the coup by which they raised money for the trip—stealing fourteen horses from some nearby Indians.

Somewhere along the upper reaches of the Arkansas River, White and Goodfellow fell into a quarrel. In later years White talked of it frankly. Both men, he said, went for their guns. White escaped unhurt; Goodfellow was wounded twice. The other three then carried him to a nearby ranch, paid the wife of the owner in advance to care for him, and went on with their roaming.

ODDLY ENOUGH, THEY GAVE THE UNPROMISING gravels of Baker Park another whirl, found nothing enticing, and cut southwest across rugged mountains to the Mancos River. They followed the Mancos to the San Juan, which they forded from the north bank to the south. And there we come to a metaphorical watershed. As far as the San Juan even White's most relentless detractors go along with his story. Thereafter—.But first let's turn to a letter White wrote his brother Josh from Callville on September 26, 1867, less than three weeks after his rescue from the river.

> ...we store [started] down the San Won river we travel down a bout 200 miles than we cross over on Calorrado and camp we lad over one day we found out that we could not travel down the river...and we made up our mines to turn back when wee was attacked by 15 or 20 ute indis they kill Baker [,] and George Strole and myself took fore ropes off our hourse and a ax ten pounds of flour and our gunns wee had 15 miles to woak to Colorado we got to the river just at night we bilt a raft that night wee got it bilt abot teen o clock tha night. wee saile all that night wee good sailing from three days and the fore [fourth day] George Strole was wash of from the raft and drown that left me aline.

In the interviews with reporters White added details to the bare bones of that lonesome struggle. They had crossed back to the north side of the San Juan, he said, because Baker wanted to try mining along the lower reaches of the Grand

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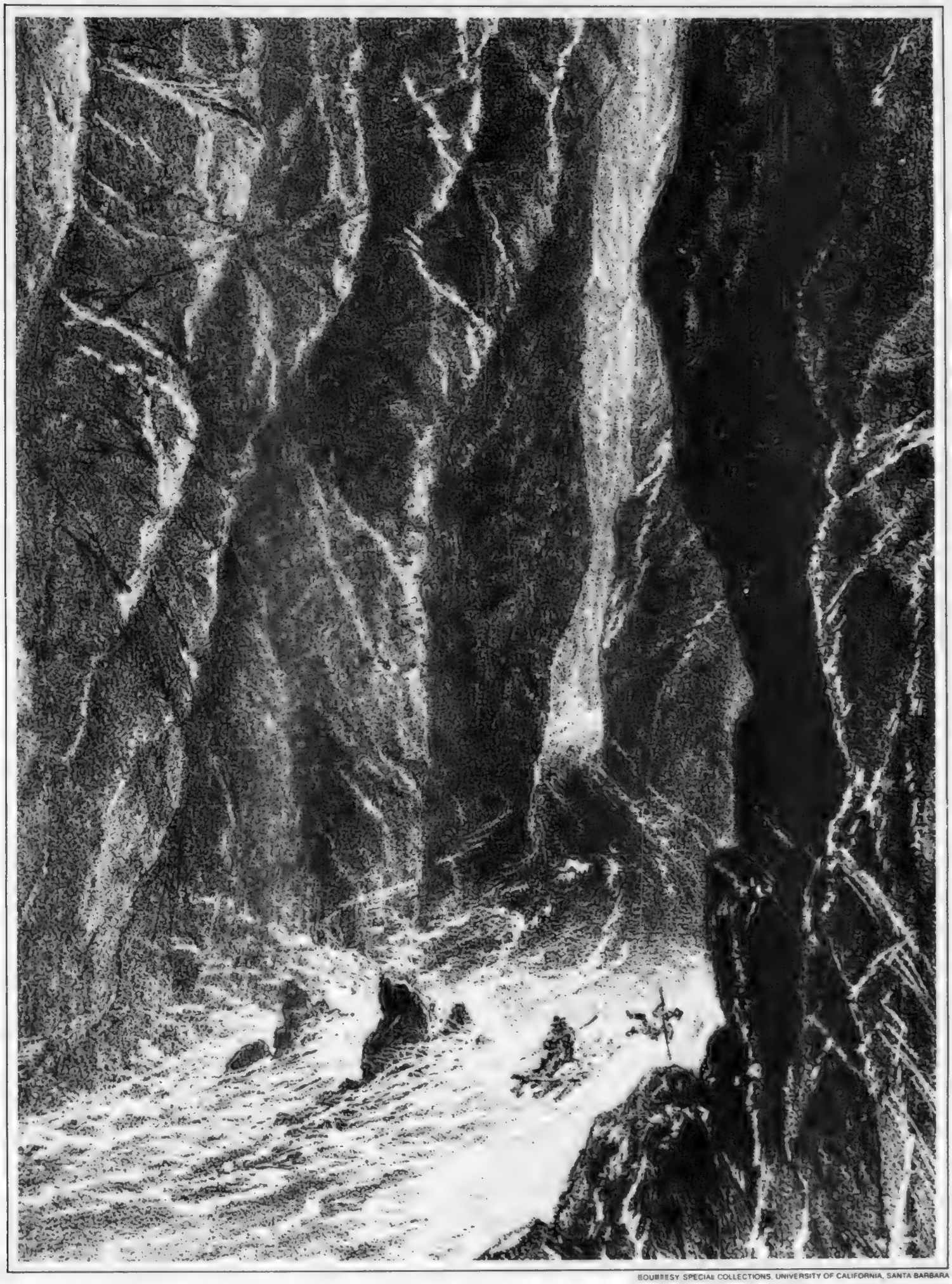
A few years after White's harrowing adventure, an unidentified artist drew this imaginative sketch portraying the moment when George Strole was lost overboard in treacherous rapids on the Colorado River. (In New Tracks in North America *by William Bell, 1871)*



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River. (In those days the name Colorado attached to the river only as far upstream as the junction of the Green and Grand in eastern Utah Territory. The Grand, later renamed Colorado, headed in the state of the same name, and miners had been working its upper tributaries for several years prior to 1867.) Under Dr. Parry's prompting White speculated that, yes, they may well have reached the Grand before the Indians attacked.

He described the raft: three cottonwood logs, eight inches in diameter and ten feet long. Even under good sailing conditions, however, the craft proved inadequate and the next morning they reinforced it with more wood. To no avail. Not long after they first hit rough water, both Strole and the soaked glutinous flour, their only food, were washed away.

Alone in the bottom of the howling canyon, White lashed himself to the raft. He traveled twelve to fourteen hours a day. At night he tied the raft to streamside rocks and slept on it, for if he should lose it he was doomed. He did not try to leave the river for fear of emerging on a desert where hostile Indians might be camped beside the waterholes. He nibbled on a few mesquite beans and lizards, and when those ran out he cut a leather knife scabbard into pieces and choked the fragments down.

White pried the craft off rocks, spun through whirlpools, fought to keep from being trapped by eddies. Again and again rough water washed completely over his raft. But only one rapid stayed in his mind as exceptionally violent, a waterfall "from 10 to 15 feet hie." His narrowest escape came when the raft broke apart. Spread-eagled and clawing, tangled in a loose lariat, he managed to hold the logs together until they lodged against some boulders. From there he floundered to an island, found new logs, and built a new raft on which he floated out of the canyon. Indians pulled him ashore but drove a hard bargain for food—his revolver and vest for a dog's hind quarters, which he roasted over a bed of mesquite coals.

A stirring tale—but it did not fit the geography of the river as later explorers described it. Five hundred miles from the Grand River to Callville in fourteen days of low water? Through the exposed rock fangs of Cataract Canyon; over the clutching sandbars in Glen Canyon; into the Grand Canyon's long stretches of slack water punctuated by not one but many rapids of exceptional violence? No matter how many hours a day a lone man thrust ahead with poles and makeshift oars, no matter how hard he prayed (White said he prayed his way out of one eddy), could he have succeeded?

Defenders pointed to the obvious. He had been so dazed that he had lost track of time. Details blurred: they do even for healthy men fighting rapids. Morever, he did not know the country. He said "Grand River" because it had been suggested to him. More probably, defenders said, the party reached the river well below the junction of the Grand and Green, at Glen Canyon near the mouth of White Canyon. This convenient revision not only eliminated several days' travel time but also got rid of the big drops in Cataract.

Even that shrinkage did not suit some commentators. They decided that the party had not recrossed the San Juan, but had approached the main river south of it—a theory that entails an almost impossible horseback ride along the gulch-torn northern slope of Navajo Mountain. Besides, White was stubborn about having gone north from the San Juan and only admitted a more southern cast when put under pressure by people doing their best to help him.

BUT PERHAPS THE PARTY HAD NEVER INTENDED to go to the Grand River. Perhaps White had persuaded them to give up the unrewarding lands where they had been and strike for the lower river, where he knew from his months at Fort Yuma that gold existed. According to that theory the trio rode past the San Francisco Peaks and then, seeking ground that had not been overrun by miners, cut for the river through Peach Springs Canyon and Diamond Creek. Hualapai, not Ute Indians attacked them (the Hualapai were on the warpath during those years), and the flight down the Colorado took place from there.

Entering the Grand Canyon at Diamond Creek was physically possible and reduced the run to manageable proportions. But it raised other problems. Not one but several violent rapids still lay ahead, and their turmoil began almost immediately, not after three days of "good sailing." Another problem, and it applied to every supposed entry from the Grand Wash Cliffs upward to Glen Canyon and beyond, revolves around color. The castaway insisted that throughout the first several days of his run he had passed between walls of whitish sandstone before coming finally to a deep slit of black rock. Could he have been that dazed? Although there is somber black rock in sections of the Grand Canyon's inner gorge, the prevailing tone is red—strong, inescapable red.

But suppose the party entered the river at Grapevine Wash just below the Grand Wash Cliffs. From there on to Boulder Canyon, where the rock is nearly black, the sandstone is indeed almost white. On that stretch, moreover, the water starts placidly and then grows rough enough to be troublesome, yet contains only a single rapid that at low water is really wicked.

A logical stretch for White to have traveled? Many think so. But again there are problems. The distance now is too short—only sixty-four miles to Callville. Just a few months before White's appearance three Mormon explorers, searching for improved road access to the river from Saint George, Utah, negotiated the stretch in two days. True, the trio were in better physical condition than White and had a good boat with oars. The only time they slowed was when they lined their skiff down the one big rapid with lariats. Yet White clung doggedly to a time lapse of fourteen days, all spent fighting the river. Even in a stupor, half-starved, caught in eddies and whipped by crosscurrents, could he have spent that much time on so short a stretch?

The most terrible question remains. If James White rode horseback scores of miles from the San Juan River across Monument Valley, through Kletha, over the Little Colorado, and on past the San Francisco Peaks to a lower entry, he certainly knew it, no matter how dazed he later became. Why, then, was he insistent on placing the Indian attack so

(Continued on page 30)

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James White *(Continued from page 28)*

far up the river that his subsequent adventures became implausible?

A circumstantial accusation answers the query: He did not know the river well enough to realize the implausibility, and yet he had to disassociate himself from the lower area. Why? Because Strole and he, not Indians, killed Baker and then fled down the river with Strole drowning en route. Some detractors go farther. White killed both men, they say, and then, already in deplorable shape, staggered down Grapevine Wash to the stream. When rescued, he improvised his fable and thereafter was stuck with it.

When White was an old man, leading a humble, respectable life in Trinidad, Colorado, the most relentless of his doubters, a railroad surveyor and mining executive named Robert Brewster Stanton, told him that he had been suspected of murder. White denied the charge in such shocked, grieved tones that Stanton believed him.

One likes to think he was guiltless. Still, he was capable of passions, during one of which he gunned down Goodfellow. And if the motive of murder is ruled out of his story, we are back where we started, chasing fragmentary clues into nowhere.

Whatever ending you choose, the tale remains a canyon epic. No one who has heard it and then has run the river can forget it. White's ghost needs an answer. But like so many ghosts, his is not going to get it. Probably it is better that way.

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Less than two weeks after James White was fished out of the Colorado River at Callville, the *Prescott* (Az.) *Miner* carried a story of his adventures on September 14, 1867. It was reprinted in newspapers as far away as Denver and Chicago. Authenticity came to the story from C. C. Parry's report that was printed in the *Transactions of the Academy of Science of St. Louis* (1868) and republished, with some changes, in William Bell's *New Tracks in North America* (1871). These accounts and more, some drawn from White himself, were collected by Thomas F. Dawson, a Washington, D.C., publicist for the state of Colorado, and published in 1917 as Senate Executive Document 42, 65th Congress, 1st Session. Dawson's idea was to exalt a Colorado resident, as White then was, by "proving" that John Wesley Powell had not been the original explorer of the Colorado River.

The most vigorous of White's detractors was Robert Brewster Stanton, who knew the river from close experience. Stanton answered Dawson in a September, 1919, article in *Trail*, a Denver magazine and, at much more length, in his *Colorado River Controversies* (1932), edited by James Chalfant. Stanton's arguments did not end the debate. In 1958, R. E. Lingenfelter published *First Man through the Grand Canyon,* supporting White. In 1961 an article bearing the same title and written by Harold Bulger appeared in the *Bulletin of the Missouri Historical Society.* These two favorable accounts resulted in a mass of mostly unpublished conjectures by rivermen about routes, times, motives, and the rest. The whole was carefully collected by Otis "Dock" Marston, a doubter of the White legend, and is now part of the extensive Marston Collection at the Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

David Lavender, *a popular Western author, adapted the story of James White for* AMERICAN WEST *from his* Colorado River Country, *scheduled for publication in November, 1982, by E. P. Dutton, Inc.*

Arizona West GALLERIES

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Whose Old West is disappearing?

In celebration of cowboys, cow ponies, and cow country

by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.
photographs by William Albert Allard

Photographs from Vanishing Breed *by William Albert Allard; copyright © 1982 by William Albert Allard; published by New York Graphic Society Books/ Little, Brown and Company.*

(Opposite) *Jigger boss Ricky Morris, in cow camp on the high desert of Nevada, 1979. "Jigger boss" is the man next in charge after the wagon boss. Relaxing in front of the campfire, Morris is wearing "woolies"–chaps made of sheepskin. The tents in the background are normal sleeping accommodations for buckaroos during the long branding-time on the range.*

In 1905 Frederic Remington, the popular artist who had idealized some of the more dramatic characters and aspects of the late nineteenth-century American West, mourned what he considered the ending of an era that had so engaged and inspired him in that part of the United States. "I knew the wild riders and the vacant land were about to vanish forever," he said. "I saw the living, breathing end of three centuries of smoke and dust and sweat, and I now see quite another thing where it all took place, but it does not appeal to me."

Remington's lament for the passing of the Old West was neither new nor unique. In fact, as a dirge, it is still echoed today in not too dissimilar terms by all manner and types of persons who have known the West since Remington's time, who have contributed to its myths and realities throughout the twentieth century, and who may be heard deploring, as Remington did in 1905, that the Old West that *they* knew, even as recently as ten years ago, is no more.

All of them, including Remington, have, of course, been rving the disappearance of *stages* in the history and development of a West with which *they* were familiar. One cannot quarrel with Remington's nostalgia. The West with which he had identified himself and his interests—a good part of it already at that time mythological and being made more so by Buffalo Bill and professional Westerners—*was* changing. The real danger, excitement, and glory-hunting of Indian wars were gone. So were the big buffalo herds, most of the fenceless plains, and the basis for the dime-novel theatrics of a land without established law. Remington could see the cavalry posts that were being abandoned; the big money that was changing the cattle business; the proliferating cities, towns, and settlements strung together by rail lines and wagon roads; and the women—the thousands of them, who seemed to be intruding everywhere in what had been a man's land, beginning to change the virile West into a copy of the effete East. The symbols of Remington's Old West were indeed disappearing, and what was coming in their place did *not* appeal to him.

But consider Remington's predecessors, the early white explorers, the fur traders, and mountain men—those who had roamed the West in the freest of free style, beginning before the War of 1812 and continuing into the 1840s. The Old West *they* knew died hard, not only by the withering of the market for furs but by the coming into their midst of missionaries who scourged them for their lifestyle and tried to turn the Indians against them. By the end of the Jacksonian era, their Old West was disappearing. Within another decade, the pioneer missonaries' Old West was gone too, changed by covered-wagon trains of settlers on the Oregon Trail, by expanding Mormon towns and irrigated fields along the Great Salt Lake, by soldiers marching to fight Mexico or chart the western landscape, and by armies of gold miners bound for California.

After them came the pony express, telegraph lines, freighting routes, railroads, and cattle and cowboys who replaced the buffalo and buffalo hunters. Each was a stage of change, of development, but each was susceptible to the mourning by successive waves of people long before Remington's day—by Jim Bridger, Joe Meek, and the other mountain men, by missionaries like the Reverend Henry Spalding and Father Pierre De Smet, by the adventurers William Drummond Stewart and Captain Benjamin de Bonneville, to mention only a few—that the Old West, or the West as they had first known it, was disappearing or was gone. It was, in short, ever thus. In each generation, an Old West disappeared, and something new, not always appealing to the survivors, took its place. And yet, each stage, as we now know, was only that—a part of a large, continuous, world-entrancing saga.

At the same time, I must underscore the word continuous, for try as we may, those of us who know and still love the American West, cannot find an end date for the *Old* West, a cut-off moment when all the images and truths of the Old West finally ceased and something really new took their place *totally*. The West is still full of people who look back only a few years and consider that they,

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Difficult challenges of spiritual and natural frontiers still test the mettle of Westerners.

(Above) *High off the turf, with forelegs stiff and hind legs bucking, this bareback bronc vents his strong anger. Montana, 1971.*

(Opposite) *On the rolling hills of Custer State Park Bison Range, a lone buffalo roams where thousands of his forebears wandered. South Dakota, 1980.*

too, were participants in events and an environment that were organically a part of something called the Old West. Moreover, there is in actuality enough left of the character, challenges, and bedrock attributes of what provided the stereotypes and realities of the Old West to ensure that ten, twenty, and more years from now there will *still* be people looking back and saying that the Old West was *still* going strong in 1982, adding, of course, that now the Old West is really dead.

THE WILD WEST, FOR EXAMPLE, SO MUCH A PART of Buffalo Bill's legacy, has had a tombstone for almost a century. But cowhands, shepherds, and many others who harmonize with nature and the Western terrain know that there is enough wildness left in the red-rock canyons of southern Utah, the mountain and desert country of the northern and western Great Basin, the deep trenches of Hells Canyon and its side draws, the northern Washington Cascades, and scores of other places to test anyone's mettle. They also know that conflicts over water, minerals, land, and other resources can still lead to shoot-outs and other hallmarks of a *Wild* West. The violence between Indians and whites over fishing rights still occurs in the Northwest, and there is tension, sometimes accompanied by drawn guns, between coal stripminers and ranchers and farmers on today's northern plains.

Similarly, the *frontier,* another leading criterion of the Old West, received a host of official and unofficial epitaphs in the 1890s and the years thereafter. There was no more frontier, it was proclaimed, and to many that meant that the Old West was definitely gone. But there are

still frontiers and frontiers. Some of them are physical and natural as in Alaska and areas in the western lower forty-eight states that continue to defy permanent non-Indian habitation, even entry. Others are just being opened and brought into the economy for the first time, like the energy-rich Overthrust Belt along the high, arid Utah-Wyoming border. Still other frontiers may be termed states of mind, often stemming from clash and conflict, as in the frontierlike atmosphere of the Sioux country of the Dakotas and the coal and uranium lands of the Southwest, where Indians are still embattled against whites. As border lines, a formal frontier, outside of Alaska, may no longer exist. But the spirit and actuality of frontierlike existence that pits human beings against each other and against the challenges of nature are still familiar in the daily lives of families and individuals in many parts of the West, in the mountain regions of northern and central Idaho and western Montana, in the high country of northern Arizona and western New Mexico, in the sweeping, dry, barren, and rocky stretches of Nevada, Utah, and southeastern Oregon, and elsewhere. And these areas, like the frontier coloration of the aggressive Sagebrush Rebellion, are evidence that the character of the Old West—the feeling, flavor, and demands of the frontier—is still very much alive.

In the minds of many, much of what constituted the Old West lives on in a constantly changing context. Much of what we inherited is myth, but the myths themselves contribute to the continuing reality. I am old enough to believe that I had my own Old West from the early 1930s to the early 1950s, a period during which I first crisscrossed and grew familiar with almost every part of the West. Since then, so much has changed that *my* Old West, like the one of Remington's, is also now gone. I recall when the Mojave Desert was considered dangerous. One tried to travel across it in summer only at night, carrying a desert water bag. Occasionally, as history, legend, and lore had predicted, one came on a lone, grizzled prospector, with pans, pickaxe, and burro. Today, the Mojave is laced with roads, tenanted with towns, irrigated farms, air bases, and government installations, and one rushes across it from Los Angeles to Las Vegas in air-conditioned cars. Las Vegas, itself, was then a quiet, little Mormon town, waiting to spring to life with the completion of Hoover—then known as Boulder—Dam and the creation of Lake Mead and its recreational

opportunities in the burning desert.

In the Northwest, in the same period, I stood along rivers traveled by Lewis and Clark, with no sign of civilization anywhere in view, and observed scenes that still looked exactly as the explorers had described them in their journals more than a century before. In valley after valley—the Big Hole, the Deer Lodge, the Mission, the Bitterroot—in the Hispanic areas north of El Paso and beyond Santa Fe—in Idaho's Salmon River country and Washington's Metalines—people were still close to their historic, pioneer heritage.

I have many memories of people, places, and events, now all gone, that I can easily connect with an older West of sod-roofed log houses, Charley Russell–like saloons, and small hotels where the bartender was also the registration clerk and the room keys hung behind the bar. It was still a West of gandy dancers; bindle stiffs; hoboes; itinerant ranch hands; Indian veterans of the Little Big Horn and the Chief Joseph War; of silver dollars as common as nickels and quarters; open red-light districts in the gulches of the Coeur d'Alenes; and serape-wrapped burro-drivers bringing charcoal from the mountains into Albuquerque. It was all a part of my Old West, but as I know, particularly from what is happening now in 1982, it was only another stage in a very long and unfinished story.

The Old West is going through still another stage, one fraught with just as much drama and conflict as it has ever known. For generations since the whites dispossessed the Indians, the West's economy has been based in large measure on ranching, farming, timbering,

The West is going through another stage, with as much conflict as it has ever known.

(Opposite) *T. J. Symonds, Nevada buckaroo, cradles a young cow dog on his saddle during a quiet moment on the range. Nevada, 1979.*

(Above) *In their shaggy coats, cow ponies huddle together on a bleak, winter's day. Montana, 1969.*

The stockmen of the West are perhaps the last of this country's rugged individualists.

(Above) *A Mexican horse handler for charros at a* charreada, *Mexico City, 1971.*

(Opposite) *Gros Ventre Mountains in an early summer storm, Wyoming, 1971.*

and mining. Ranching and farming, in particular, have worked to keep the West open and unspoiled and to maintain within the region many of the qualities, values, and ways of life that Westerners have most treasured. But threats and crises of new and unprecedented proportions now endanger large areas of the West.

THE ENERGY CRISIS, WITH ITS INSPIRED COAL, POWER-PLANT, synfuel, and boom-town developments, is producing a host of socio-economic problems and conflicts between the old-time economies and lifestyles and those brought in by newcomers. The energy rush, at an ever accelerating pace converting the Old West from its basic ranching-farming economy to an industrial one, threatens the air, the water, the beauty, and the quality of life, and also adds pressures to other conflicts, particularly to those over the use of land and scarce water. Competition among the various users—real estate developers and home-builders, farmers and stockmen, timber and mining interests, Indian tribes, recreationists, conservationists, environmentalists, and lovers of the wilderness—has made land- and water-use major issues and sources of concern and contention throughout most of the West. In addition, burgeoning industrial and governmental needs, ranging from sites for MX missiles to locations for nuclear and toxic waste dumps, are placing bids for use of this part of the country and its resources.

At the same time that all these new developments and conflicts once again bring change to the West and reflect a new stage in its drama of realism and myth, much of the old remains—

particularly some of the unique characteristics, values, and qualities that have always been associated with the West and that have marked both its truth and its illusions. First and foremost, perhaps, is the continued spaciousness of the land itself—that awesome space, it has been rightfully called. Though it is being eroded, it is still there in abundance, helping to shape the character and lives of the people. Even the newcomers, building the energy centers, will be affected by it, as were the previous waves of trappers, miners, ranchers, and small-town entrepreneurs. They will wander away from the centers, into the mountains and high forests, across the deserts, and through the canyons. The lonely landscape, together with its challenges, will demand of them what it has always demanded. If they meet those challenges and fit into the land, they will, like those before them, become Westerners—expansive, self-reliant, resourceful, and neighborly—valuing the outdoor life that encourages and strengthens a feeling of freedom and independence.

Life, they will find, is still not easy in most of the West. Much of the romance of the Old West came from the struggles of man against nature. Those struggles still exist. Staying alive and comfortable in the winters in the north and the summers in the south, especially outside the urban centers, requires adaptation, the ability to harmonize with nature, and, in all ways, the best that a person can give. In the small towns and on the lonely ranches and farms, the routines of life, though aided by modern appliances and technology, are not so different from those of yesterday. The cowboy still searches for cattle in blizzards; the farmer still worries about rain and grasshoppers; the small-town resident still makes hazardous emergency trips through violent storms and over ice-covered passes to doctors and hospitals in distant cities.

By and large, the stockmen of the West and the cowboys and herders who work for them are the last of America's rugged individualists. Perhaps they, above all others save for their brothers the Indians, carry on the traditions, flavor, and feel of the West of yesterday. But there are others—gnarled, tough old-timers, full of stories of fights with grizzly bears and of advice on how to find water in the desert and how to get out of a mountain wilderness by following water down. There are town marshals and sheriffs with tales that rival those of Dodge City and the James boys. And there are loners, in baseball caps

As long as cows need herding, roping, and branding, the West of reality will live on.

Cowboy and cow pony take a break during weaning time, New Mexico, 1971.

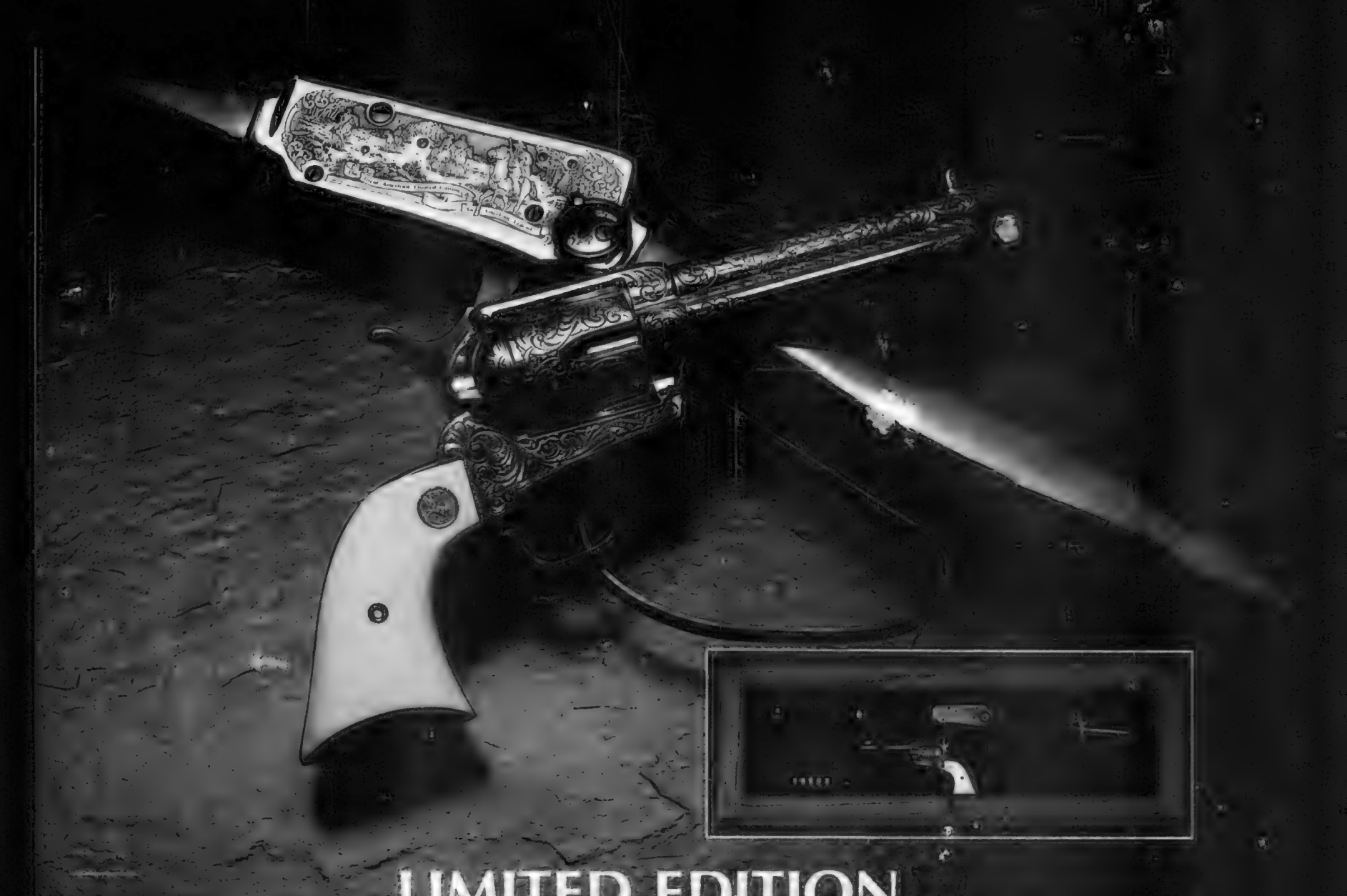
rather than cowboy hats, who come out of the awesome space in pickup trucks with gun racks. Nobody knows who they are, where they came from, or where they're going—nor do they care. They go into the local saloon, now called a "cowboy bar," have a drink and smile at the urban cowboys and the local town workers who are drinking, eating, and dancing in big, feathered Stetsons inspired by the television show "Dallas." They think to themselves that times are changing for the worse and depart.

Both myth and reality live on. Both continue to appeal to all the world. In Rumania, a producer named Ovidiu Iuliu Moldovan is making movies about a Transylvanian who comes to our Old West of the nineteenth century. The pictures are real westerns, with all the stock characters and situations of a Gene Autry film, but they have a Marxist message, and all the villains are capitalists. They are big hits behind the Iron Curtain. So, long live the myth!

As for reality, well, as long as there is one cow outside the fence or strayed God-knows-where, and a cowboy has to find it, as long as calves need roping and branding, and someone has to heat and apply the irons with a firm hand that doesn't smudge, the Old West of reality will live on, just as it lives on in the hearts and minds of all those, young and old, who are inspired and thrilled by the vision of an earlier stage of the West's lure and romance.

The West is dead? Never! Long live the West!

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., *is the author of many prize-winning histories of American Indians and the West. His latest book,* Now That the Buffalo's Gone, *has just been published by Alfred A. Knopf. This article is adapted from an address that Josephy made at the Brooklyn Museum in New York.*



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by Rosemary Calder

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Sand of America and other images by Pablo Neruda

translated and introduced by Stan Steiner
illustrations by John De Puy

Neftalí Ricardo Reyes Basoalto (1904–1973) had a face like his heart. That was because he was Pablo Neruda, born in the Chilean Andes, the Poet of the Americas.

As I remember him he had an ample, amiable belly, full of words. Like flesh, as the Old Testament says. Even his eyelids were heavy with words, and when he wept, his tears were poetry. The word is everything, he said, when they gave him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971.

But, he was lying. Poetry like art "lies like the truth," to quote his old friend Picasso.

For example, when AMERICAN WEST editor Tom Pew asked me to find out when Neruda visited the West and wrote the poems that are reprinted here, I searched his *Memoirs* and those of his friends, but could not discover if he ever saw the Colorado River.

Maybe he did. But it does not matter. My life is "like an American river," he said. He did not say which river. He was all rivers.

The poem is a celebration of human life, he said. "I want to live in a world where every human being is human." So, he wrote poems evoking the "impure poetry" of the real America, full of "lilies and piss."

Ever since I read "Let The Rail Splitter Awake," his elegy to Abraham Lincoln and the pioneer West, I have wanted to translate Neruda. That poem, to me, was so joyously American, it pained. And though I did not read Spanish too well, I read Neruda very well. He was like a brother. I felt many translations of his poetry were too romantic and flamboyant; he, like all good writers, created words that meant what they said.

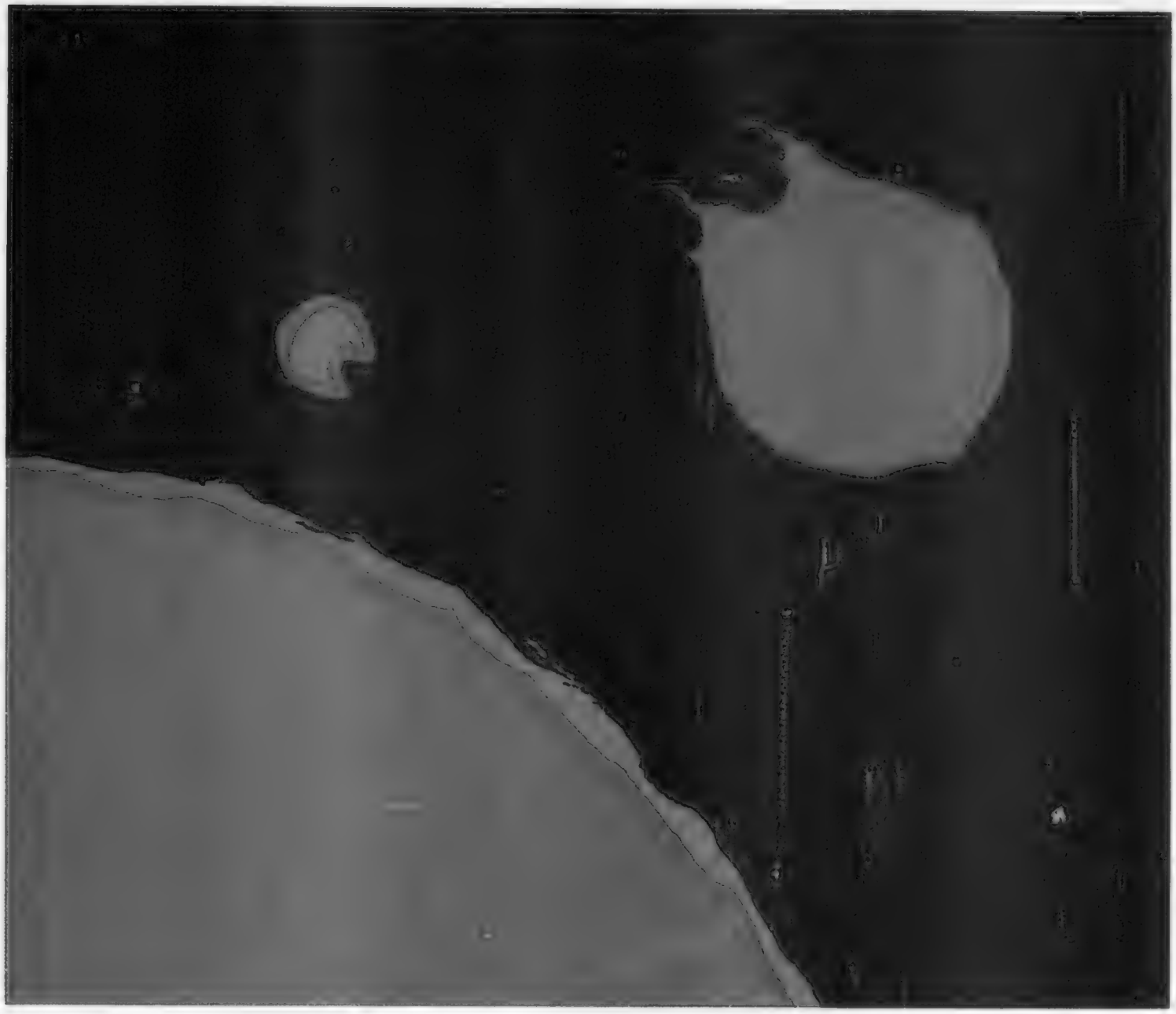
Neruda's death gave me the opportunity. He died of sorrow, it was said, a few days after the Chilean government had been assassinated by the military. Once again, the writers of his land went into exile, as he had often done.

Some friends of mine suggested that we offer a homage to Neruda to raise money for these exiled writers. To feed them. That was why these drawings by John De Puy and my translations of Neruda came to be.

Neftalí Ricardo Reyes Basoalto would have approved, I think. He loved America. He loved it as a lover.

The author of many books about the spirit of the West, ***Stan Steiner*** *translated these poems with pure love, as Madame Neruda told him herself.*

The mesas of southeastern Utah and the mountains of northern New Mexico are home to **John De Puy,** *who has studied anthropology at Columbia and art and philosophy at Oxford.*



'15

DeTux '75'
Canyonland

West of the Colorado River
there is a place I love.
I rest there, with all
that I was, I am, I will be.
In the high red rocks
the thousand hands of wind
build stately structures
of a scarlet eyeless abyss
risen in fire, fury and copper.
America is a buffalo hide
stretched on the clear night
like the galloping air,
beside the divine stars,
I drink your cup of green mist.

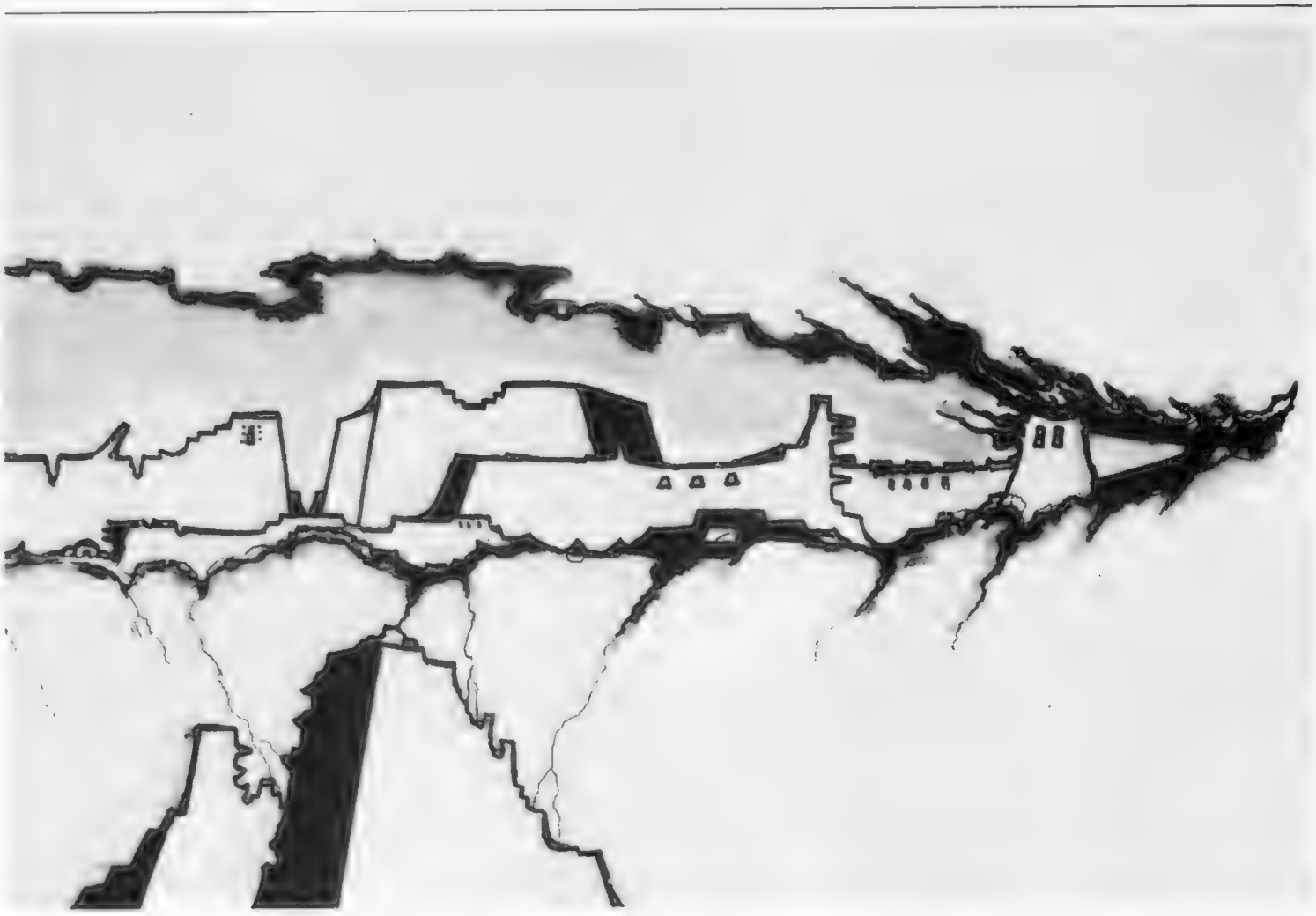
Al Oeste de Colorado River hay un sitio que amo.
Acudo allí con todo lo que palpitando
transcurre en mí, con todo
lo que fuí, lo que soy, lo que sostengo.
Hay unas altas piedras rojas, el aire
salvaje de mil manos
las hizo edificadas estructuras:
el escarlata ciego subió desde el abismo
y en ellas se hizo cobre, fuego y fuerza.
América extendida como la piel del búfalo,
aérea y clara noche del galope,
allí hacia las alturas estrelladas,
bebo tu copa de verde rocío.

Que Despierte el Leñador (1948)

Sand of America, solemnly
sown field, red mountains,
sons, brothers threshed
by the ancient storms,
we gather the live grain
before it returns to earth,
so the new corn may be born
that has heard your words,
again and again.
And you sing by day and night,
and eat and devour,
and impregnate the earth,
and are suddenly silenced,
sunken beneath the stones,
unearthing the dark doors,
and once more are born again,
to be sown, to become,
as if bread, as if hope,
as if a sea air of ships.
The corn has borne my song
burst from the roots
of humanity, to be born,
to create, to sing,
and so once more to become seed,
more bountiful in the wind.

Arena americana, solemne
plantación, roja cordillera,
hijos, hermanos desgranados
por las viejas tormentas,
juntemos todo el grano vivo
antes de que vuelva a la tierra,
y que el nuevo maíz que nace
haya escuchado tus palabras
y las repita y se repitan.
Y se canten de día y de noche,
y se muerdan y se devoren,
y se propaguen por la tierra,
y se hagan, de pronto, silencio,
se hundan debajo de las piedras,
encuentren las puertas nocturnas,
y otra vez salgan a nacer,
a repartirse, a conducirse
como el pan, como la esperanza,
como el aire de los navíos.
El maíz te lleva mi canto,
salido desde las raices
de mí pueblo, para nacer,
para construir, para cantar,
y para ser otra vez semilla
más numerosa en la tormenta.

El Fugitivo (1948)



Now, this day was a full cup,
Now, this day was a huge wave,
Now, it was the entire earth.

Now, the storming sea
lifted us onto its kiss
so high we trembled
in the white lightning
and, entwined, we fell
falling still entwined.

Now, our bodies were stretched
reaching the end of the world
and tumbling, we dissolved
into one drop
of beeswax and a meteorite.

Between you and me a new door opened
and someone still faceless
was waiting there for us.

Hoy, este día fue una copa plena,
hoy, este día fue la inmensa ola,
hoy, fue toda la tierra.

Hoy el mar tempestuoso
nos levantó en un beso
tan alto que temblamos
a la luz de un relámpago
y, atados, descendimos
a sumergirnos sin desenlazarnos.

Hoy nuestros cuerpos se hicieron extensos,
crecieron hasta el límite del mundo
y rodaron fundiéndose
en una sola gota
de cera o meteoro.

Entre tú y yo se abrió una nueva puerta
y alguien, sin rostro aún,
allí nos esperaba.

Los Versos del Capitán (1952)

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Maynard Dixon. Photo by George Hurrell, about 1925–1930, Hollywood.

Maynard Dixon: Painter of the West

Six unpublished desert drawings

by Edith Hamlin

Maynard Dixon had the idea that since there were many types of desert country in the American West, it would be interesting to develop a group showing these distinct variations, from the Great Basin higher deserts to the lower lands of the Mojave and Sonoran areas. These six wash drawings were completed in 1942, but because of wartime delays, they were never published; nor have they been exhibited. It is my great pleasure to see this distinguished group of Maynard Dixon works on paper appearing in the pages of AMERICAN WEST.

I FIRST MET MAYNARD DIXON IN 1920 when I arrived in San Francisco to attend the California School of Fine Arts. I clearly remember my early impressions of both Maynard and his art. Exhibited at the San Francisco Art Association "Annuals" and also at the Gump and Beaux Arts Galleries, his sun-drenched, colorful, and boldly designed landscapes had an immediate appeal for me.

At the Art School, where Maynard taught briefly, or on Montgomery Street, striding to his studio, he was easily recognized. His tall, lean figure in a well-tailored tweed suit, handmade old-style boots, and flat-crowned Stetson reflected his colorful personality. Passing closely, one could not help but notice the distinguished head, the keen, level, blue eyes, the sensitive mouth between drooping moustache and artist's goatee, and the slim, expressive hands. Maynard was then at the height of his career; his exhibitions and his murals—as well as his part in the gaieties of the San Francisco group—were widely known. For over twenty years he had been a vital part of the San Francisco art world, though his controversial stands often enough placed him at odds with the city's arts community. His studio at 728 Montgomery Street was frequently a gathering place for his artist friends, joined on occasion by visiting celebrities.

After a sojourn in New York City, I returned in the early thirties to San Francisco, where I was to have a sky-lit studio at 716 Montgomery Street and the opportunity to know Maynard personally. Those days of the Depression and the federal arts projects of the Works Progress Administration were full of artistic ferment and group activity. Comradery among professional artists was activated by this artistic renaissance, and frequently there were gatherings in Maynard's or my own studio nearby. So, we came to know one another as fellow artists. We were both involved in federal projects. I had taken part in the fresco murals painted in Coit Tower and was then at work on two tempera murals in the library of the local Mission High School. Maynard gave me invaluable critiques and help with my drawing of the California Indian figures in my historical murals of early life at Mission Dolores.

Following the dissolution of Maynard's marriage with Dorothea Lange, and a year later of my own brief marriage, we had personal sympathies as well as artistic ties. I remember the first visits to Maynard's studio when he was painting the striking Kit Carson and Red Butte murals or developing landscape compositions on his big easel under the high skylight. At day's end we often shared tea or a steaming aromatic tray of our favorite dishes brought up from nearby Chinatown. So were our busy days enriched by a new and growing companionship.

Death Valley and the Panamint Area: Southeastern California, wash drawing, 1941.

The Mesa Lands of the Paiutes, Navajos, and Hopis: Northern Arizona and Southern Utah, wash drawing, 1941.

Later, in the golden days of September, 1937, Maynard outfitted his old, wooden station wagon for an extended painting trip, feeling the need as he often did throughout his life to return to nature and his artist's source material. As he and I prepared to leave for Nevada, his two young sons, Dan and John, asked, "Where are you off to, Dad?" Maynard's eyes twinkled as he answered, "I'm off to Carson City to buy a new hat." We were married there among old friends on the veranda of the Bliss-Yerington mansion.

During the eleven years of my close association with Maynard, we shared much congeniality and devotion; no feelings of professional competition arose between us, and we both valued and appreciated each other's frank opinions. As I knew him, Maynard was a sensitive, intuitive, and complex person with strong and independent convictions. A naturally warm and kindly man, he possessed also a keen and robust humor, which was sometimes satirical. He lacked patience with hypocrisy and sycophancy, and revealed the inner man only to a few friends. Once he remarked that the public preferred the legends that grew up about him rather than the reality. At the age of sixty-two, the time of our marriage, Maynard was a remarkably creative and youthful man. Asthma, his childhood misfortune, had begun to bother him again, but with his strong creative spirit and self-disciplined work habits, he remained productive despite what became a serious health handicap.

LAFAYETTE MAYNARD DIXON (1875–1946) WAS BORN in the frontier town of Fresno, California, to which his parents (natives of Virginia) had migrated after the Civil War. He was to learn much from his cultured parents and from his devoted paternal grandfather and six aunts and uncles who lived nearby. Dixon's avid reading of *Scribner's, Harper's Magazine,* and the old *Art Journal* (illustrated by Howard Pyle and Frederic Remington) supplemented his formal education, which was sporadic at best because of frequent asthma attacks. Maynard's reading provided him with his first exposure to the two great loves of his life: art and the Southwest.

Dixon's uncle George Washington Mordecai also favorably influenced the youngster. He was a devoted friend to the boy, teaching him how to ride on his buckskin mustang "Dandy," how to haze along the little "dogies," and to scout the foothills where vast flocks of sheep were kept on the move by Indian sheepherders. These early experiences impressed upon the frail, sensitive, and observant boy the long landscape lines of the valley and the quiet strength of the western land's natives. Dixon, the artist, never outgrew those impressions.

Road through Sagebrush of Central Nevada, wash drawing, 1941.

The Rimrock Mesas and Plains of Southeastern Oregon and Northern Nevada, wash drawing, 1941.

The evolution of the future artist had begun. At age sixteen, when sketchbooks he had sent to his idol Frederic Remington were returned to him with words of encouragement and advice, Dixon quit school to study art seriously on his own. Beginning his professional career in 1897 when he was twenty-two, he gained experience as a reporter-illustrator for the *Overland Monthly* and the San Francisco *Morning Call,* and as illustrator for Jack London's books.

During this period, Dixon also illustrated articles for *Land of Sunshine,* published by Charles F. Lummis—Southwestern author, archaeologist, and promoter who became a lifelong friend and major influence on Dixon. It was Lummis who convinced Dixon to abandon the hectic pace at the art department of the San Francisco *Examiner* and, in 1900, to make his first trip to the Southwest. When he stopped at Needles, California, Dixon wrote to Lummis, "Having dreamed of the desert so long, it seemed entirely familiar to me."

At Needles and at the Fort Mojave trading post, Maynard made a notable series of portraits of the Mojave Indians whom he met as they came to trade. In spite of the torrid summer temperatures, he continued to amass drawings and to glean stories from pioneer ranchers, prospectors, twenty-mule-team drivers, and Mexicans whom he encountered as he traveled eastward into Arizona. Dixon met the buffalo-hunter pioneer "Old Man Hall" and an assortment of gamblers, cattlemen, and Texas-type cowboys when he arrived in Prescott shortly after that town had been hit by a disastrous fire. In the nearby Agua Fria Valley cattle-range country, Dixon was impressed by the sudden and terrific drama of the upland thunderclouds, unknown to him in California. Moving southward, he sketched among unfriendly Apaches of the Verde River country and later among the Pimas, Maricopas, and Papagos in the lowland cactus region. Enthusiastically, he wrote, "This is my country."

The four-month trek into Arizona and New Mexico wild lands firmly established the pattern for Dixon's numerous future field trips. The escape from the confines and assignments of city life, combined with the dramatic beauty of the desert lands and the free association with the Southwestern peoples gave him the spiritual nourishment he needed. He wrote of these experiences:

> My work, outside the limits of illustration, is not the regulation "Wild West" type of painting. It aims rather to interpret the sense of freedom this country inspires and the vastness and loneliness of the land. I want my paintings to show the people as part of that. To me, the wind of the wastelands has color; the opalescent ranges of the desert seem to me like music, and sometimes the giant clouds of storm, piled far above the mountains, take form as of lost and forgotten gods, serene and terrible.

After this first venture into the Southwest, numerous lengthy field trips followed, including a two-month horseback trek to Idaho with fellow artist Edward Borein in 1901 and a 1905 trip to Guadalajara, Mexico, with another artist, Xavier Martinez. From these early trips came numerous illustrations and easel paintings that gained for Dixon added exposure and a measure of fame.

THE 1906 SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE cost Dixon most of his possessions and almost took his life. His personal loss and the political graft and labor unrest that ensued after the earthquake made Dixon consider a change in residence. With funding from his first mural commission—a set of four lunettes on Arizona themes in Southern Pacific's Tucson station—Dixon and his first wife, Lillian West Tobey, pulled up stakes and headed for the wider field of New York. Despite the 1907 panic and widespread bank failures, Dixon soon established himself as an illustrator with drawings for *Scribner's, Collier's, McClure's,* the popular fabrication "Hopalong Cassidy" by Clarence Mulford, and novels by Dane Coolidge, as well as other books and periodicals.

In New York, Dixon also gained recognition for his paintings, which hung in a number of clubs and galleries. He was elected a member of the New York Society of Illustrators, the National Academy of Design, the Architectural League, and the Salmagundi Club. But even though New York gave Dixon seven successful years in his field, he pined for the West and increasingly aspired to leave the confinements of illustration. He remained aloof from his professional success, and frequently had altercations with eastern editors who understood the West only in terms of bucking broncos and marauding Indians. Dixon came to an important decision: "I'm being paid to lie about the West, the country I know and care about. I'm going back home where I can do honest work."

Dixon returned to San Francisco in 1912 and reestablished his pattern of frequent and lengthy visits to the Indian lands of the West, interspersed with periods of work in his studio. Three of these trips were especially productive and memorable: his 1917 visit among the Blackfeet Indians in Montana that produced such paintings as *Medicine Women, Blackfeet Historians,* and *Story Tellers;* a 1923 stay with the Hopis that inspired *Circle of Shimaikali* and *The Wise Men,* among

The Peaks and Desert Flora of Southern Arizona, wash drawing, 1941.

Prospector Country of Desert Ranges and Alkali Flats: Southeastern California and Western Arizona, wash drawing, 1941.

others; and a 1930–31 seven-month sojourn, accompanied by his second wife, Dorothea Lange, and their two sons, in Taos, New Mexico, that resulted in the paintings *Earth Knower, Man of the Red Earth, Summer Afternoon,* and *Como se Pasa la Vida*.

Dixon's fluency with drawing in every medium—pencil, pen and ink, crayon, charcoal—formed a secure basis for all of his later creations. His work is readily recognizable by its expressive and rhythmic line and masterful drawing quality. After 1913, with his return from New York to the West, he was able to concentrate on both easel painting and murals, which allowed his facile illustrative draftsmanship to develop in more expressive and creative directions. From spontaneous, rather impressionistic oil paintings of the 1900s to the early 1920s, he evolved a flatter surface treatment with a bolder composition that was more simplified and geometric. By the 1930s Dixon employed what he called "space division" in order to bring into line the most dominant diagonals, horizontals, or verticals of his work. In field drawings, studio compositions, and landscapes, Dixon was selective as to the simplification of the subject material—rearranging, discarding, and accentuating the theme to suit his own aesthetic purposes. His style developed as a tool for his messages, not as an end in itself.

In 1939, two years after our marriage, we acted upon plans to move permanently to the Southwest. Returning from a trip to Washington, D.C.—where we saw mural works by Maynard installed at the Bureau of Indian Affairs—we faced the task of storing, packing, and deciding what to do with our accumulated art works. It was a problem. But a problem that was eventually solved by a big studio sale. Maynard sorted his field sketches and many of his drawings that he no longer needed for reference and those paintings that he felt he could "sacrifice," and offered all at bargain prices. Drawings were "a dollar and up." The word got around, and the sale we thought would be over in a week lasted three very busy weeks. The newspapers gave Maynard an affectionate goodby, and eventually we did manage to leave our adopted hometown, with the warm feeling that we would be missed.

We settled upon Tucson as our winter and spring home, and after a summer painting trip to the southern Utah mesa country, we chose Mount Carmel for our mountain retreat. Much to our amazement, we, who as artists had never owned a home, now found ourselves building two dwellings. In Tucson, we had a simple Mexican Colonial adobe on two desert acres looking north to the Santa Catalina range. In Mount Carmel, we had a pioneer-style log-and-stone house that overlooked the sculptural white mesas. What an exciting, almost overwhelming adventure it was. For us both, it was a busy year, and also a lifelong dream come true. For Maynard, with his longtime love of the "sun-land," the starkly bold deserts and ranges, and the native and pioneer peoples, the move provided an extra measure of fulfillment.

DURING 1942 A COMMISSION WAS OFFERED to Maynard to do a set of drawing and color pages for the Limited Editions Club's new edition of Francis Parkman's *Oregon Trail*. Nothing could have been closer to his life's interests and his talents than this firsthand account of Parkman's days of exploration and adventure among the Plains Indians and frontiersmen of 1846. Maynard spent many months on the fifty-five pen-and-ink drawings and the eight color plates, as well as the end pages and cover design. The result was an animated and masterful addition to the book's handsome typography. The fee was miniscule, only one thousand dollars, as I remember, but the artist was permitted to retain the original drawings and temperas. The book gave Maynard the satisfaction of completing a most outstanding work in the field of illustration, his finest work in that field, in fact.

In Tucson and Mount Carmel, we often made sketching trips to both nearby and more remote areas. Each seasonal migration, from desert to the higher mesa country and back in the late fall to Tucson, gave us both a full and contrasting experience. In Utah there were the attractions of Zion, the "Arizona Strip" country of red mesas, the early Mormon villages, and Indian reservation country of the Paiute, the Hopi, and the Navajo. Our last trip was made with friends over to the Capitol Reef area in southeastern Utah, near what is now called Canyonlands. Several notable canvasses were developed from our Utah sketching trips including *Canyon Ranch, Land of White Mesas,* and *Open Range*.

From Tucson we ranged over much of southern Arizona and the Mexican border country, especially the Papago reservation, the Patagonia area, Safford, Bisbee, and Tucson itself, with its surrounding mountain ranges and magnificent skies. Larger canvasses developed in the studio were *Home of the Desert Rat, Desert Ranges, No Trail,* and *Clouddrift and Prairie*. *Destination Unknown,* the painting of the hobo on the desert railway track and the last of Maynard's social realism works, was also done during that period.

We came to know as friends several other artists and writers who visited or lived in Tucson, some of whom served on the faculty of the University of Arizona. Two of our special friends were Juan and Gwyneth Xavier, a Papago Indian and his anthropologist wife. Juan and Maynard developed a simpatico friendship, and we both made portrait studies of Juan's strong, sculptural head. We also enjoyed many an evening at their simple adobe home on the reservation near the Mission

PHOTO BY CHUCK ABBOTT

Edith and Maynard Dixon pose near their Tucson, Arizona, home in 1940. The years in Tucson were happy and productive for both artists, their time spent in painting the nearby desert and mountainous country and in enjoyment of many friendships.

San Xavier. Traditional Indian food cooked by a Papago woman, and Papago stories and songs made those evenings memorable in Tucson.

There was also the Yaqui village nearby where we witnessed the Eastertime celebration, or Pascua, when the native deer-dance was performed. These Indian villages and the life of the native people, as well as the Mexican adobes and cattle-ranch life were often incorporated into Maynard's field sketches and easel paintings. The annual Papago Fair at Sells, with the all-Indian rodeo and the arts and crafts exhibition, was a gala affair each year. The Tucson Rodeo and the guest-ranch scene also delighted us, and Maynard made a hilarious group of "dude" characters in drawings and watercolors. These works, which he called "Frontier Pants" and "Western Life," were a diversion for Maynard during his days of limited energy.

At Mount Carmel, as in Tucson, many old friends came to visit with us, both from the East and the West, especially when Maynard became increasingly confined because of emphysema. Both Dixon *casas* became rendezvous where friends gathered around the frail artist who lounged in a long, blue, Chinese coolie coat and Indian moccasins. To be with the lean, bearded sage of the mischievous eye, to share his keen talk, agile humor, and the easy hospitality of our home seemed to provide cherished memories for those who came to visit. Maynard was one of those rich personalities who leave a clear imprint upon others. Though his last years in the Southwest were limited in time, they were indeed rich in content.

Maynard's own words best express his attitude toward life and art:

> For the artist, living is itself an art, for the artist has faith in life *as is*. His perceptions of it are valid. With all the striving and hopes, the disappointments and fleeting successes, yet the heightened perceptions, the stir of imagination, the exhilaration of creative work renewed have made life vivid.

Edith Hamlin, *the widow of Maynard Dixon, has long been an artist in her own right. Her professional activity includes mural commissions in various American public buildings, as well as exhibitions of her paintings in oils, acrylics, and mixed media. A third-generation Californian, she now resides in San Francisco where she continues to maintain her studio.*

Maynard Dixon

by Arthur Millier

For more than half a century Maynard Dixon (1875–1946) painted the life and landscape of the American West. In easel paintings and mural decorations, in drawings and illustrations he epitomized the beauty and grandeur of the vast deserts, towering mountains, awe-inspiring canyons and remote valleys and recorded the life of its white settlers and the ancient ways of its indigenous red men. Viewed as a whole his lifework constitutes the first successful attempt to interpret the West pictorially entirely in terms of the region itself.

Many artists have pictured some aspects of Western land and life. But their viewpoints have too often been limited. Several have celebrated the life of the cattle range and romanticized the exploits of desperadoes. Others have specialized in paintings of grandiose scenery. Dixon has gone deeper than these....For Dixon knew and saw the Western country as something more than a source of astonishment for tourists and a background for pictorial horse opera....

Dixon's paintings show us the desert lands so convincingly that people often think they have seen in nature exactly what they see in one of his pictures. This is seldom possible, for he generally rearranged the elements of the scene before him to make a rhythmical and harmonious composition. What actually occurs in such cases, I believe, is that he opens our eyes to the country. Where many have looked, he was one of the few who have really seen. His vision of the West was so true that we have come to see the region through the forms and colors of his paintings. Thus great artists teach us to see nature....

[Dixon's] technical equipment included fluent, robust draftsmanship, a fine taste in color and the science necessary to use it, and the ability to organize the abstract elements of painting into dramatic and coherent structures. The clear pattern, clearly defined forms and architectural compositions so typical of his pictures reflected the natural choice of this artist's independent mind fully as much as the character of the country he painted.

And, finally, he had "style"—that quality which, in a life or a work of art, is the sign of confident and well-balanced mastery of thought, feeling, and technical procedure. There is no fumbling in his work. ...The long lines, undisguised rhythms and clear color-tones of a Dixon painting announce that it is unmistakably his work. His signature on a picture seems almost superfluous....

[Dixon] began his career as newspaper and magazine illustrator, using the money he earned to take extensive trips into Mexico, New Mexico, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, Oregon, Montana, Utah, and Wyoming. ...The sketches he made, the color and character notes, the innumerable drawings of men and animals, saddles, ranch houses, rocks, bushes, clouds, and mesas, were the basis for paintings as well as illustrations. Most of his early work was destroyed in the San Francisco fire of 1906. Five years as an illustrator in New York confirmed his will to live in and paint the West....Dixon's subsequent career saw him moving steadily away from topical and romantic paintings towards the poetic and interpretive work of his maturity....

[Dixon] hated pretence and dishonesty, and particularly detested "smarty arty," or fashionable art, which, he said, "reduces art to the level of millinery." He regarded integrity as of far more importance in art or life than cleverness. And he often turned his satiric pen in prose or verse against the bunk which too often set the current mode in art. In 1934 the social dislocations of the depression years were brought into sharp focus under his eyes in events of the San Francisco water-front strike. In anger he painted a memorable series of pictures of embattled longshoremen and workless, wandering bindle stiffs....

As early as 1900, only thirteen years after Geronimo's surrender, Maynard Dixon made his first journey into Arizona, into that region between the Rockies and the Sierra, which had always been his spiritual home and which, at Tucson, Arizona, and Mount Carmel, Utah, was to become in 1939 his temporal home. During many a year, youth and man, after a day of painting, he expressed in verse his contempt for sham and his reverence for the truth he saw behind the grim face of the arid West. The following poem became his epitaph in November, 1946, following his death at his home in Tucson. It perfectly sums up the love for the Western land and Western life which impelled him to perfect his distinguished and timeless art.

At last
I shall give myself to the desert again,
that I, in its golden dust,
may be blown from a barren peak
broadcast over the sun-lands.
If you should desire some news of me,
go ask the little horned toad
whose home is the dust,
or seek it among the fragrant sage,
or question the mountain juniper,
and, by their silence,
they will truly inform you.

From introduction to "Maynard Dixon: Painter of the West." Copyright 1967 by Edith Hamlin.

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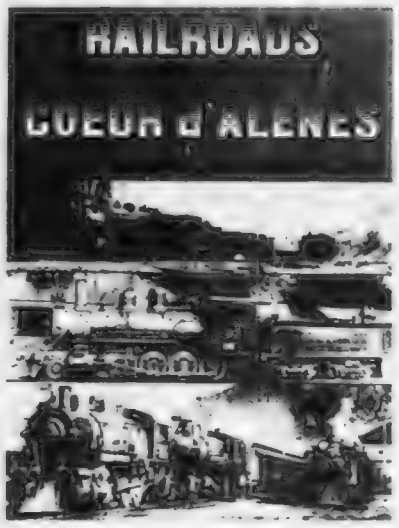

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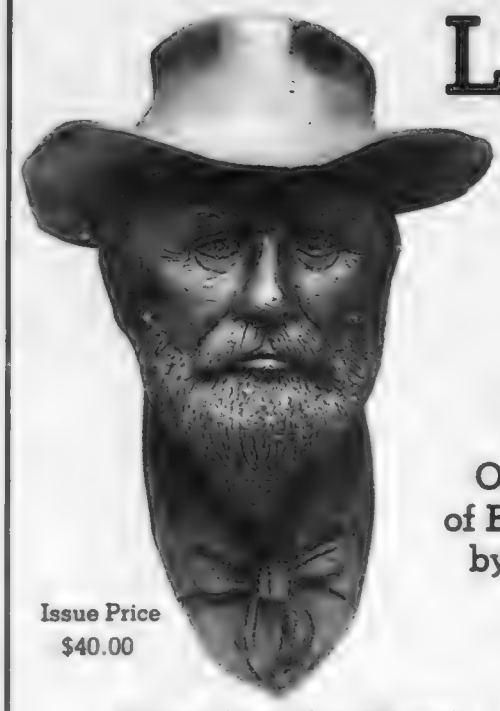

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The Mewl is a larger burd than a guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and it wears its wings on the side of its hed.

—Josh Billings

Mountain canaries: cantankerous mules

Vexatious critters draw anger and affection

by Roger L. Welsch

WHAT HAVE YOU EVER HEARD ABOUT MULES? Nothing good, I'll bet. But have you ever noticed that in speaking of the endless permutations of vexation and evil perpetrated by mules, folks who know the critters reveal a genuine affection for them nonetheless?

Take the case of the great American humorist Bill Nye and his mule Boomerang—so named, Nye said, because "I never know where he is going to strike." Once when Nye was awakened by thirteen and one-half gallons of the "low sad wail" of Boomerang being poured into his ear, he emptied his revolver into the mule and then went back to sleep until dawn. The next morning he found the mule's carcass "about twenty yards off, eating bunch grass." Nye had thoroughly perforated the windlass of a deserted mine nearby.

Now, from that evidence you would think Nye loathed the

This overloaded mule shows little enthusiasm for his mission of delivering a trunk in Morenci, Arizona. His long, white ears are spread in weariness and disgust as rider and cargo grow heavier with every step.

The mule ate all the firecrackers, then laid an ear to his ribs to listen. Things weren't acting right.

creature. Right? Wrong. He named his newspaper after that mule. He named his mine after him. And he named his most popular book after him, dedicating it with a soaring piece of poetry (Sing on, O mule, and warble / In the twilight gray, / Unchidden by the heartless throng....) that would do any love-struck maiden proud.

What is it about mules that excites such passionate feelings and inspires such a wealth of folktale? As old-time skinners know, mules combine the stamina and strength of an ox with the agility of a horse and the reliability of a dog with the independence of a cat. I have been told that mules were usually used at harvest time to pull heavy loads over soft ground, because those animals would drop down to their knees for leverage and move that load, if it could be moved. In sugar-beet fields, mules were highly prized because, unlike horses, they could tap dance down the rows without ever damaging a single plant. Sort of.

Here's where the problems with mules come up. The beet farmer was once asked why he always came in for the midday meal at 12:30 P.M. except at harvest, when he came in at 11:30 A.M. His explanation: the mules quit at 11:30 A.M. They somehow knew the time, and they *quit* at 11:30 A.M. If the farmer had used a little muscle and wrestled those mules back into line, they would have stepped on every single sugar beet in the whole row. Both sides.

Much the same thing happened in California mines. By law a mine mule could be called on to pull only four carts. If an avaricious miner tried to add on an extra cart, the mule, after carefully counting the clicks of the coupling pins, would refuse to move a step.

At other times mules can be responsive beyond one's highest hopes. The extraordinary nature of the mule comes through in this tale from Mrs. Dale Cooley of Broken Bow, Nebraska:

"My grandfather's mule wasn't a stubborn one, as most are. Grandfather had him so well trained that when he said 'Whoa,' the mule would stop immediately, no matter how fast he was going. One day while out hunting wild game [Grandfather] was suddenly pursued by Indians on horseback. They had him almost surrounded and his only escape was over a very high cliff. Not hesitating, he spurred the mule on over. Three feet from the rocky bottom, Grandfather yelled 'Whoa!' The mule stopped dead still. Grandfather jumped off and neither one was hurt one bit." (Reprinted from *Shingling the Fog and Other Plains Lies*. Copyright © 1972 by Roger Welsch. With permission of the University of Nebraska Press.)

Working with mules requires a driver's complete attention. Picking corn with horses on the wagon, you can sometimes simply drop the reins, and the team will stand there till you get back. But you have to keep your eye on mules, because they keep their eye on you. Once they see that you've dropped the reins, they're on the way back to the barn.

Well, this driver once dropped the reins of a mule team, and he saw the left mule look back at those lines lying on the ground. The driver thought quickly and put his foot down on the reins. For the full span of about three seconds that driver congratulated himself for actually having outwitted a mule. Then the mule moved his rear end a couple of feet to the right and sat down on the wagon tongue. Broke it.

LANGUAGE SEEMS TO BE AN IMPORTANT FACTOR in dealing with mules. Art Henrickson of Kimball, Nebraska, told me of his trying to drive a mule team at threshing time. Despite liberal application of the lash and the tongue, the mules wouldn't budge for him. A fellow worker commented that the mules had belonged to a Czech family and simply didn't understand English. The young Henrickson took an instant short course in Bohemian profanity right there in the field and got along with the mules just fine from that moment on.

A bit more subtle was the linguistic strategy of a farmer that was described to me by Bumps Nielsen of Dannebrog, Nebraska. Bumps once observed this farmer using a walking plow behind his mule Jerry. "Giddap, Jerry!" the farmer called. "Hup! Dan! Come on, Buck! Hey there, Blue!" Bumps asked what that was all about, and the farmer explained that he thought Jerry would feel a lot better not knowing that he was doing all that work by himself.

Another Nebraska farmer once bought a case of dynamite to remove stumps. He left the box on the wagon bed while he went in for lunch, and along came his mule and ate three-quarters of the case. When the farmer yelled at the mule to stop, it kicked the emery wheel sitting in the yard and caused enough of a spark to ignite the dynamite. The wagon was destroyed, the house was moved six feet off its foundation, and the mule was sick most of a week.

A similar but more detailed story appeared in the *Omaha Weekly Bee* (January 27, 1875):

"A bad little boy near Lincoln lit a pack of shooting-crackers and threw them into the street to see them 'go off.' One of Ike Hateman's mules came along and swallowed them before they 'went off.' The mule walked about fifteen feet and stopped. Things weren't acting right inside. He began to taste the smoke of fire-crackers. He laid his left ear around against his ribs and heard something. It was them crackers having fun. The mule picked out about three and a half miles of straight road and started. A [man] met him about a mile the other side of the alms-house, going south, white with perspiration, with streams of smoke shooting out of his nostrils, mouth and ears, while his tail stuck straight up, and a stream of blue and green smoke followed about ten or twelve feet in the rear. Ike found his mule yesterday morning stuck halfway through a farmhouse near Waverly, still smoking. The man [who lived in the house] had got his family out and put 'em

(Continued on page 65)

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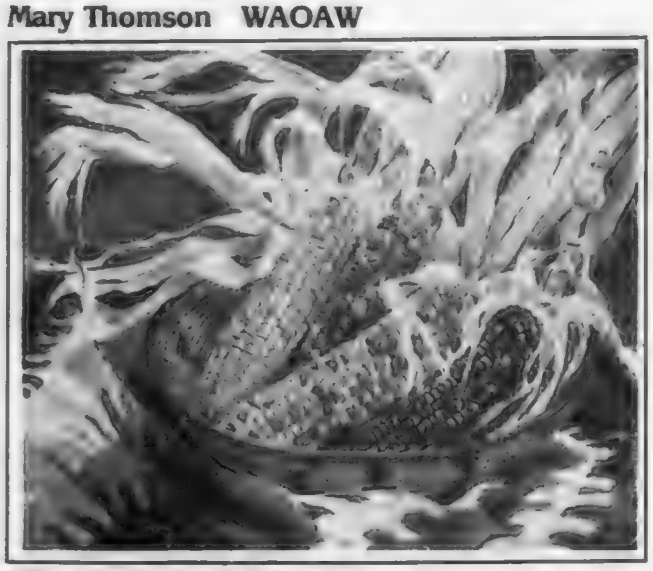

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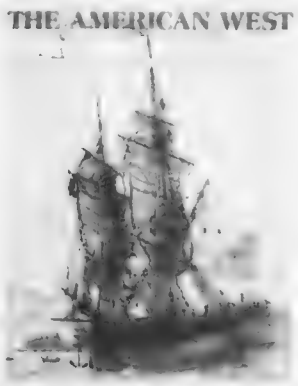

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This trio of mules stands placidly for a picture-taking session, but the critters may be plotting mutiny. The squint of their eyes and the tilt of their ears spell trouble at any moment for this casual wagoner, who has taken a serious risk in letting the reins out of his hands.

up into a lot of trees. Ike hauled his mule home, when he got cool enough, on a dray. The man is going to move his house further back off the road, and his wife and oldest daughter will be baptized when the water gets warm." (Reprinted from *Shingling the Fog and Other Plains Lies*. Copyright © 1972 by Roger Welsch. With permission of the University of Nebraska Press.)

Whenever you find a positive statement about the mule, a negative one is almost inevitably within easy reach. For example, Earl Conrad in *Horse Trader* writes: "A Mule can be a better friend to a man than his own wife" and then two pages later: "Any man that guarantees a mule is the worst damn hypocrite that ever disgraced the gift of life."

Which brings me back to my original, still unanswered question. What is it about mules that excites the admiration and even affection of those who attempt to work with them? A clue may be buried in the raw ore of this homily sent to me by Philip Henn of Blanchard, Iowa:

"A man by the name of Zeke Snoregrass lived way down in Missouri. His post office was Hoggrove, but he lived between Tightwad and Splitlip. He had a mule that had cost him twenty dollars, and it was a mean one. It would pretend to be asleep and would whale away at you if you came within range of its heels. Hay and oats were rather expensive, and Zeke was unable to find a sucker to buy this mule. So Zeke decided to shoot the mule and write the loss off as a bad deal.

"However one day the mule kicked Zeke's mother-in-law, and she died. Two days later the funeral was held at a country church, and as the crowd began to gather it was noticed that quite a few men had come in pickup trucks. Some of these trucks had out-of-state licenses. The men leaned against trees and visited among themselves.

"One lady noticed this and said to Zeke, 'You seem to have a lot of male friends that have come to the funeral.' Zeke said that they were not his friends and that he did not know any of them. 'Then why are they here?' asked the lady. Zeke replied, 'After the funeral we are going to sell the mule.'"

Roger L. Welsch *is a professor of English and anthropology at the University of Nebraska, Lincoln. His most recent books* Mister, You Got Yourself a Horse *and* Catfish at the Pump *reveal the secrets of pioneer horse-trading and the role of humor on the frontier.*

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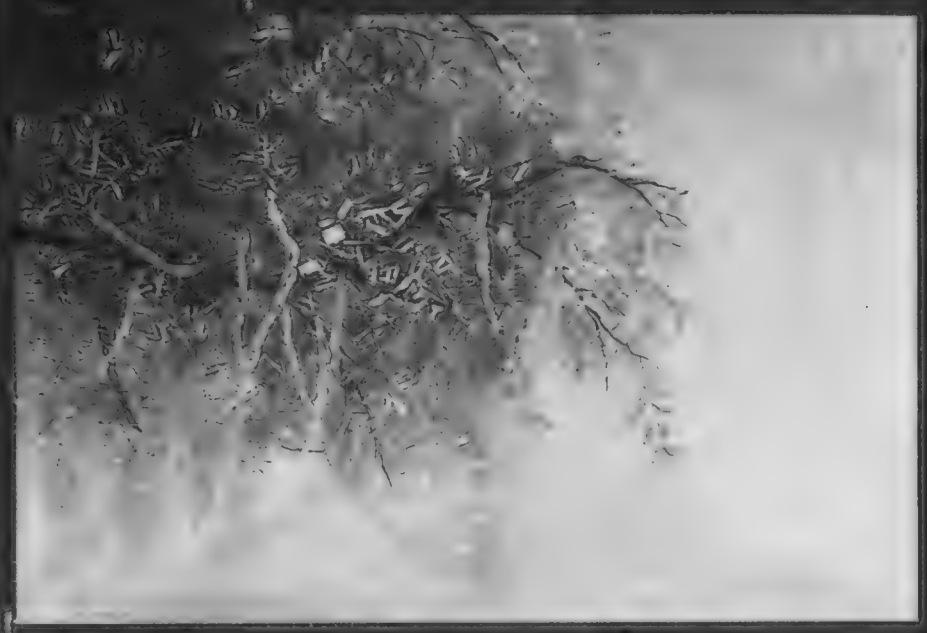

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Interwoven: A Pioneer Chronicle *by Sallie Reynolds Matthews (Texas A & M University Press, College Station, 1982; 245 pp., illus., maps, appen., index, $14.95).*

Lambshead Before Interwoven: A Texas Range Chronicle, 1848–1878 *by Frances Mayhugh Holden (Texas A & M University Press, College Station, 1982; 250 pp., illus., maps, appen., notes, biblio., index, $15.95).*

The story of Interwoven, a pioneer spread in northwest Texas during the heyday of cattle ranching, was first written in 1936 as a family history. This exceptional re-creation of frontier ranch life is now considered by many as a classic source on West Texas history. It has been released anew with a companion volume, equally rich and engaging, on the history of the Lambshead range along the Brazos River—with its Indians, cattlemen, vigilantes, and badmen—in the rough years before Interwoven Ranch was founded. Both books are beautifully designed and are illustrated with handsome pencil drawings.

Women's Diaries of the Westward Journey *by Lillian Schlissel (Schocken Books, New York, 1982; 272 pp., illus., notes, tables, biblio., index, $16.95).*

The diaries give courageous, poignant narratives of day-to-day experiences on the Overland Trail. Along with Schlissel's commentary, they paint a grim picture of hardships: sickness, fear of Indians, childbirth in a wagonbed, lack of supplies, dead children buried beside the road.

Four Forts of the South Platte *by Guy L. Peterson (Council on America's Military Past, Fort Myer, Virginia, 1982; 72 pp., illus., notes, $3.95 paper).*

This pamphlet chronicles the stories of four trading posts in eastern Colorado that stood at the Western edge of settlement in the 1830s. The author provides an unusual glimpse into the past through his analysis, based on archeological excavations, of the uses made of various rooms at Fort Vasquez. Sales records showing items actually traded at Fort Jackson are also intriguing.

Knights of the Green Cloth: The Saga of the Frontier Gamblers *by Robert K. DeArment (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982; 437 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $17.50).*

DeArment has amassed a tremendous number of fascinating details about Old West gamblers—legendary heroes and colorful knaves—whose stories he relates in a lively, highly readable fashion.

A Tramp Across the Continent *by Charles F. Lummis, introduction by Robert E. Fleming (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1982; 296 pp., $6.50 paper).*

Lummis walked from Ohio to California in 1884, and in the journal he published in 1892 he calls his saga "the simple story of joy on legs." In a vivid style he tells of losing his way in a blizzard, setting his own broken arm in the wilderness, and other rugged adventures.

Where the Sky Began: Land of the Tallgrass Prairie *by John Madson (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1982; 335 pp., illus., appen., biblio., index, $13.95).*

Madson makes the natural history of the Western grasslands as enthralling as an adventure story. He wonders at the mysterious treelessness of the fertile prairie and sensitively portrays its plants, its animals, and its unique soil. The experiences of the sodbusters who first left the familiar Eastern forests to homestead on the open prairie are freshly recreated.

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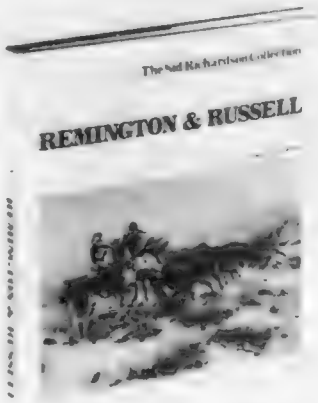

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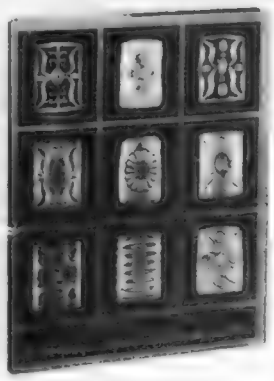

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Maps and Dreams *by Hugh Brody (Pantheon Books, New York, 1982; 317 pp., maps, biblio., index, $16.50).*
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Deep Enough: A Working Stiff in the Western Mine Camps *by Frank A. Crampton (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982; 303 pp., illus., maps, index, $16.95).*
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Hopi Voices: Recollections, Traditions, and Narratives of the Hopi Indians, *recorded, transcribed, and annotated by Harold Courlander (The University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1982; 297 pp., notes, glossary, biblio., $15.95).*
Courlander stays as close as possible to the original words and phrases used by Indian narrators of these seventy-four myths, stories, and recollections. The reader feels the immediate presence of the story tellers and receives a compelling vision of ancient Hopi culture.

The Year of the Hopi: Paintings and Photographs by Joseph Mora, 1904–1906, *with essays by Tyrone Stewart, Frederick Dockstader, and Barton Wright (Smithsonian Institution/Rizzoli International Publications, New York, 1982; 96 pp., illus., map, biblio., $12.50 paper).*
This catalogue from a Smithsonian Institution traveling exhibit contains dozens of haunting photographs of Hopi rituals, taken in the early years of this century, along with color and black-and-white drawings of Hopi kachina figures. Essays discuss Hopi history and ritual and describe Mora's excitement in portraying the tribe before all photography was banned at Hopi around 1911.

Wichita: The Early Years, 1865–80, *by H. Craig Miner (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1982; 215 pp., illus., notes, index, $17.50 cloth, $7.50 paper).*
This lively history, based almost entirely on primary sources, tells of Wichita's lusty, formative years as a cowtown. The author

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also examines the roots that contributed to the city's later prosperity after changes in the cattle trade brought disaster to many other Kansas towns.

Inventing Billy the Kid: Visions of the Outlaw in America, 1881–1981 *by Stephen Tatum (The University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1982; 256 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $19.95).*
So many romantic legends have grown up around Billy the Kid that it is impossible to separate fact from fiction. The author of this entertaining study finds that the numerous dime novels, movies, and other inventions surrounding the young outlaw reveal much about the changing generations that have kept the gunman's mythic image alive.

Remington & Russell: The Sid Richardson Collection *by Brian W. Dippie (University of Texas Press, Austin, 1982; 188 pp., illus., notes, biblio., $29.95).*
Eighty-one large color plates beautifully reproduce dashing, romantic scenes of frontier life created by two of the West's foremost portrayers. Dippie discusses the history, content, and style of each painting.

1001 Most-Asked Questions About the American West, *with answers by Harry E. Chrisman (Ohio University Press, Athens, 1982; 363 pp., illus., index, $9.95 paper, $25.95 cloth).*
Clear, interesting answers are offered to questions on Western topics ranging from animals, commerce, and folklore to outlaws, the military, and towns.

America's Spectacular Northwest, *photographed by Robert W. Madden (National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C., 1982; 200 pp., illus., maps, index, $13.95).*
Along the Continental Divide: High Country Trail *by Michael Robbins, photographed by Paul Chesley (National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C., 1981; 200 pp., illus., maps, index, $13.95).*
The Great Southwest *by Charles McCarry, photographed by George F. Mobley (National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C., 1980; 200 pp., illus., maps, index, $13.95).*
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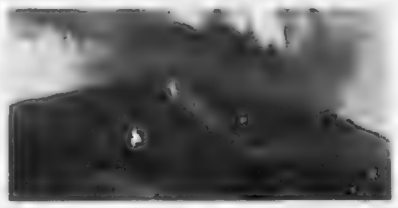

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Letters *(Continued from page 11)*

are lacking. If anyone seeks more history, there are a myriad of historical journals available with all the scholarship one could want.

2. The "West" is still alive today. It did not pass away with the census of 1890. Let us sing its praises and tell the world of its past, present, and future. AMERICAN WEST, to my mind, is attempting to do just that.

I receive a wide variety of historical publications through my work. I read them all. I *enjoy* AMERICAN WEST.

Robert A. Clark
Editorial Director
The Arthur H. Clark Co.
Eagle Rock, Calif.

Popular West

I enjoyed the article "The Popular West: American Illustrators 1900–1940" in the July/August 1982 issue.

One slight error: Hopalong Cassidy did not first appear in Clarence E. Mulford's "The Bar–20 Three" (1921). He was introduced in Mulford's book "Bar–20" back in 1906. I have a copy of what appears to be a first edition. It contains four illustrations by N. C. Wyeth and F. E. Schoonover.

When it was published in 1921, "The Bar–20 Three" was the seventh of the Bar–20 series. Last of the books was published in 1941.

Samuel H. Oakley
Berkeley, Calif.

Decorous geologists

I was greatly pleased to read J. I. Merritt's recent piece "Clarence King, Adventurous Geologist" in the July/August AMERICAN WEST. King is one of my favorite Western characters. I had to smile, however, when I came to the photograph on page 52 showing the members of the 1864 California Geological Survey. It is one of the most widely reproduced images of this group and shows Richard Cotter standing with his hand on William H. Brewer's shoulder.

The reason for my amusement is that the image—while apparently the epitome of fraternal well-being—was the source of long-lasting embarrassment for both Brewer and Cotter as

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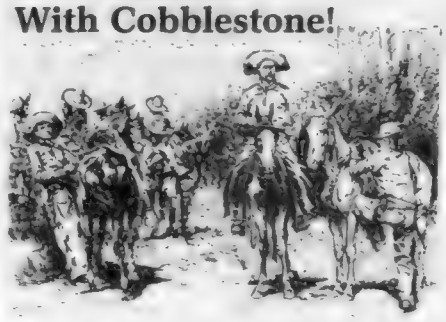

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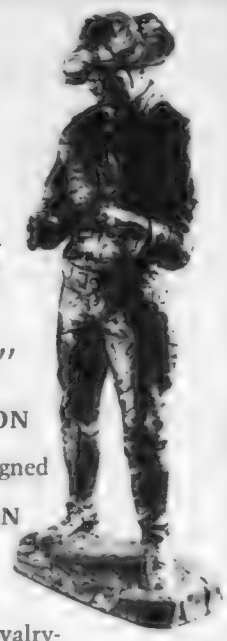

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shown by the following excerpt from a letter written thirty-four years later by Cotter to Brewer:

(September 18, 1898) "Some one has told me that you did not approve of the photograph taken in San Francisco of your field party in 1864 because my hand was on your shoulder. Should any person [ask] why it was placed there please tell them for me, it was put there to show that I had confidence in the ability of our chief, Prof. W. H. Brewer. If you dislike it being placed there I cannot help it now, and would not have done it, if I had thought it would have been taken for any other motive."

The letter is in The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

Peter E. Palmquist
Arcata, Calif.

Forgotten Towns

Your magazine the AMERICAN WEST is a very fine and informative magazine. I hope you will continue to produce this type of material for years to come. Would like to read about some of the "forgotten towns" which barely still exist, such as "Oatman," "Camp Verde" which is still going strong, "Jerome," "Prescott," and others.

William C. Kebernik
Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Some editing of letters may be necessary in order to print a cross section of those we receive. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

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Lookout *(Continued from page 19)*

RAIN SYMBOLS AND SKUNKS BY AWA TSIREH, C. 1930.
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Native American Painting. In the late 1920s at the University of Oklahoma, Kiowa art students Steven Mopope, Jack Hokeah, and Monroe Tsatoke began developing a distinctive style. Their works, which often feature single, brightly colored figures, are represented in the traveling exhibit "Native American Painting: Selections from the Museum of the American Indian," on view through November 28 at the Heard Museum in Phoenix, Arizona. An intriguing collection of art gathered by the Heye Foundation from more than twenty different North American tribes, the diverse exhibition also reveals the powerful talents of Indian artists who worked without the influence of formal art training. Some of the earliest paintings in the exhibit were done by Southern Plains warriors imprisoned in Saint Augustine, Florida, in the late 1870s.

Tumacacori Fiesta. An all-day fiesta on December 5 will celebrate the past in Tumacacori, Arizona, once a small village of Pima Indians selected as the site for a frontier mission by the Spanish crown. Various activities are planned to honor the rich blend of cultures in the upper Santa Cruz valley. The setting of the fiesta includes the striking ruins of the mission San José de Tumacacori, now part of the Tumacacori National Monument.

Stepping Lively. On November 14 at the Kemper Arena in Kansas City, Missouri, an exciting show will get underway as hundreds of cowboys test their mettle at the American Royal Rodeo. A top event of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association, the rodeo offers the drama of steer wrestling, bull riding, calf roping, and other events as a finale to more than a week of horse and livestock shows sponsored by the American Royal Association. The rodeo ends November 20, but crowds can count on coming back next year; the American Royal celebration upholds a tradition that began in the stockyards of Kansas City in 1899.

Index To Advertisers

Adelson Graphics 13
Aesthetic Prints, Inc. 79
American Legacy Galleries 73
American Western Collection, The 21
American West Trader 29
An Abrams Book 75
Anne Rowe Specialties 76
Arizona West Galleries 30
Arthur H. Clark Company, The 69
Artists Union Gallery 63
Audio-Forum 77
Bill R. Shaffer 7
Blanco Western Art Gallery 31
Boyd Perry Originals 75
Brownstone Books 75
Butterfield's 21
Calhoun's Collectors Society 42, 43
Camillus Cutlery Company 69
Carol Thompson Studio 2
Carol Thornton Gallery 77
Casa Dolores Art Gallery 10
Caxton Printers, Ltd., The 60
Cobblestone 76
Col. Doug Allard 70
Collectible Calendars 9
Collectors Covey 7
Columbia Mint, The 5
De Colores Art Gallery 10
Dream Garden Press 15
Durango & Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad 19
Eagle Art Gallery, Inc. 10
Eakin Publications 67
E. Cokendolpher 66
Ed Hill Editions 70
Forum del Sol 73
Franklin Mint, The 16, 17
Gallery of the Southwest 79
Green River Trading Co., Inc. 66
H.& L. Investments 76
Historic Providence Mint, The 1
Hole In The Wall Gallery 63
Holfelder Gallery 18
Houston American Indian & Western Art Show & Sale 78
Indian-Artifact Magazine 67
Intaglio, Inc. 29
International Bookfinders, Inc. 73
Le Meilleur Incorporated 8
Lorenzo Ghiglieri, Inc. 66, 74
MAC Ltd. 13
Makk 72
Mammen Gallery II 10
Marjorie Cahn Gallery 13
Max Lang 13, 14
Mollring Galleries ..... IFC
Northland Press 15, 74
Pa-Jo's Gallery 64
Penni Anne Cross ..... BC
Prairie Edge 69
Quail Hollow Galleries 71
Red River 14
Rendezvous Books 6
Sculpture by Lubeski 60
Seabourn Studio ..... IBC
Sierra West 78
Silver Dollar Collectors Club 11
Taos Art Gallery, Inc. 10, 49
Toh-Atin 6
Trailside Galleries ..... IFC
University of California Press 60
University of Nebraska Press 14
University of Oklahoma Press 21
University of Texas Press 68
U.S. Repeating Arms Company 18
Valhalla Gallery 10
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Western Snapshots

The village smithy for Belle Fourche, South Dakota, was Chris Wilkinson, shown here at an anvil (right) in his busy shop around 1908. He and his leather-aproned helpers repaired wagons and tools and shod the many horses of the area. Horseshoes were taken from the racks along the wall, heated in one of the forges at right, and hammered on an anvil into a perfect fit. The horses in the picture seem to accept calmly the bother of having their new shoes nailed on. Nervous animals were held steady in large slings, when necessary.

Son of a Cornish blacksmith, Wilkinson was born in Wisconsin in the mid-nineteenth century. He moved to Dakota Territory around 1886. Later, Wilkinson operated a blacksmith shop in Custer, South Dakota, where he came to play another important role. Early each Fourth of July morning, the smith lugged his anvil with some gunpowder to Big Rock, overlooking the town, and began the day's festivities with a bang by discharging the gunpowder.

In 1906 Wilkinson opened the shop in Belle Fourche shown above. A man who liked to keep abreast of the times, he had electric lights installed, their cords festooning the shop's beams. He subsequently turned his business into one of the first automobile repair shops in the Black Hills.

This picture of an institution of yesterday's West was submitted by the smith's granddaughter, Barbara Grayce Herigstad of Spearfish, South Dakota.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western snapshot is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs which tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited: so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots, P.O. Box 40310, Tucson, Arizona 85717.

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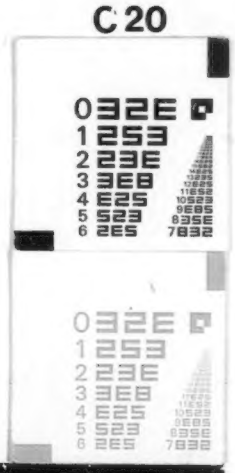
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